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# MINOR MORALS.

## PART III.

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# MINOR MORALS

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

ILLUSTRATED BY TALES AND TRAVELS,

PARTICULARLY IN THE EAST.

BY

JOHN BOWRING.

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.*

PART III.

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My dear Lady Ponsonby,

Was it in joke or in earnest that you said to me at Constantinople, "Will you not dedicate your next book to me?"

You will hardly remember how earnestly I welcomed the honor you conferred: but here is my little book, inscribed to your Ladyship (with many recollections of courteous and graceful hospitality) by

Your faithful and obliged servant,

J. B.

London, January 1839.

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# PREFACE.

I DO not pretend, in these little volumes, to give anything like a complete picture of Oriental manners, scenery, geography, or history. My object is to interest the young less by elaborate descriptions than by such slight sketches as would grow out of the unrestrained familiarity of happy domestic life. To subjects of an exclusive character it is almost impossible to keep alive the attention of

children. Impressionable as they are, the impression must be varied in order to be attractive, perhaps even to be instructive. In these rude pictures of the East there is no invention. They are the vivid recollections of men and things, seen under circumstances favourable to the writer, and which made many objects accessible to him which are not accessible to the ordinary traveller.

As to the stories connected with Oriental superstitions, I have recorded them as I heard them, without adding or substracting a single circumstance. They appeared to me well fitted to give some variety to the conversations, and to have the merit of illustrating

Eastern character. These form but a small portion of the number I collected. I do not see how such narratives can be injurious to the minds of children, who may safely be trusted with such tales of wonder and mystery in these days, and in a country so much emancipated from superstition and credulity as our own (would the emancipation were complete!) They may exercise their minds in endeavouring to explain apparently supernatural events by ordinary causes. An explanation may no doubt be found when the exaggerations of ignorance are cleared away.

I have thought it desirable to carry out the plan I originally proposed

to myself in the earlier volumes of Minor Morals, by introducing some variety of subjects, in order to prevent the weariness of attention too long directed to the same topic.

# TRAVELS.

"O HOW I wish I could travel into foreign countries!" exclaimed George one day, who had been delighted with a promise of Mr Howard that he would talk to them all about his journey into Oriental lands.

"I often dream about travelling," added Edith, "and all sorts of places come into my head, and I fancy I am there. I should like to see them, and to compare my fancy of them with what they really are."

"But, as that cannot be," said Mr Howard, "what an advantage it is to have books written by intelligent people, who come and tell us what they have seen, and enable us,

without any difficulty or danger, to accompany them in their long journies; who show us what is most interesting, and do not weary us with what is dull or disagreeable. There was a very amusing fellow at Florence who used, in the Piazza of the Grand Duke, to gather crowds about him by his accounts of distant regions. 'Now we will go to Petersburg,' he would say, 'or, what is better, I will take you there; for if you went yourself it would cost you a mint of money, and you might be frozen among the snows, or break your neck on the corduroy roads, and would be certainly cheated by the postillions and tormented by the police. But I will tell you about the Winter Palace, and the Marble Palace, and the river Neva, and the statue of Peter the Great, and of the ice-hills, and the sledges, and the long beards of the peasants, and the northern lights; and when you

are tired of this I will convey you, without any fear of bandits, or of the fevers of the Pontine marshes, to Rome—and I will show you the Holy Father in the Vatican, and the sublime Cathedral of St Peter, and the Forum, and the Tarpeian rock; and you shall neither be wearied nor annoyed all the way.'"

"I think," said George, "I should *enjoy* the weariness and annoyance of such interesting journies, because I know one could not have the journey without the annoyance; and then, Papa! when the trouble is over, it is very pleasant to recollect, and to be able to talk to our friends of the difficulties and dangers we have passed through."

"Well! my boy," answered Mr Howard, "I hope you will think so when the difficulties and dangers really come. You will be all the better for your determination, and you

will have, I dare say, in after life, many and many an opportunity of using your courageous philosophy."

"Did you ever suffer much from climate, Papa?" inquired Edith; "for even here our hot summers melt us and our cold winters freeze us, and we have much ado to keep ourselves comfortable."

"There are inconveniences, my dear, many and great; but, considering how extremely unlike the habitable regions of the earth are to one another, I often think with delight upon the facility with which the human being supports them all. The provisions of nature for the maintenance of life are various and wonderful. Man, whose wants and curiosity induce him to visit such different climates, is of all animals the best adapted to various temperatures, and finds the means of accommodating himself to great fluctuations of heat

and cold. You have heard of living persons passing in a hot oven, time enough to roast a joint of meat. In Russia the peasants often come forth from their hot steam baths, and roll themselves in the snow; and I remember to have heard Berzelius, the great Swedish chemist, remark that, of all the substances he had ever made experiments on, the human skin was that which most easily, and with the least alteration, accommodated itself to the action of different temperatures. Animals, you know, change much of their nature under the influence of climate: the wool of the sheep becomes hairy in the south, the hair of the rat becomes woolly in the north. Seeds do not lose their germinating power under any natural heat or cold. Not that seeds will *grow* in all climates, but they may be preserved in them. Tropical seeds would not lose their power of reproduction by a voyage

to the north, nor would a visit to the equator destroy those of the coldest regions."

"I have heard, Papa!" said George, "that the vital principle is so vigorous that there have been found in Herculaneum and Pompeii, closed up from the action of the air, grains of corn, which have sprung forth when planted in the appropriate place and season—grains whose life would have been thought extinguished nearly eighteen hundred years ago."

"What an advantage," said Arthur, "the present time has over the past. A long journey can now be accomplished far more easily than a short one in ancient days."

"Yes," said Mr Howard, "the progress of science is nowhere so visible as in the removal of difficulties in the way of communication. In Saxon times, the merchant who had undertaken three sea voyages for his own account was admitted into the ranks of honour,

obtaining the title of Thane. A traveller into remote countries was an object of admiration; and indeed, in all ages, he has perhaps been the most valuable aid to human happiness. He has opened the way to the knowledge and the possession of ten thousand sources of enjoyment."

"Now, Papa! you have travelled so much, tell me, after all, what is the most pleasant of all your travelling recollections?"

"Indeed, Edith! the most agreeable of my thoughts is this—that the whole universe is full of felicity; that, if there are sufferings and sorrows in the world, they are exceptions to the general rule. We sometimes think that the deprivation of pleasures such as we possess must be accompanied by much annoyance and wretchedness; but our judgments on such matters are generally erroneous. I will give you one or two examples from my

own experience, showing how the mind accommodates itself to the circumstances that surround it.

"I went once into the hut of a Russian serf. It was made of logs of wood, and, though the winter was bitterly cold, the only windows were small square holes, through which the snow was driven by the sharp winds, and when the door was opened, in there rushed showers of sleet and hoar-frost. Within was a smoky and suffocating heat, produced by the burning of damp wood in a stove. The inhabitants were a boor, his wife, and three children, covered with dirt and vermin; and the whole family were the vassals of a neighbouring nobleman. They were attached to the soil according to the feudal usages—had no will of their own, they could possess no property, and were almost without any legal right. All they could gain

was claimed by and paid to their master, and of the produce of the fields they cultivated no part came to their share but such a portion as enabled them to support existence. The intolerableness of slavery we often hear of, and it is well that slavery should appear intolerable to the free. But when the slave cannot shake off his fetters, it is to him at least a privilege to be contented with his position. I was curious to hear what notions a Russian boor had of freedom, and of his own condition. Peter Petrovich was sitting in his ragged sheep-skin garment on a block of wood, carving (a common amusement of the peasant) ornaments out of the thigh bone of an ox. I sat down by him, and asked how far he had ever travelled.—'Never ten versts from where I was born,' said he.—'Should not you like to see a great city?'—'I have heard of one, I don't know what

was its name, from Ivan Carlovich, and that's enough for me.'—'Can you read or write?'—'Not I! what would be the use of reading or writing? The priest reads to me, and saves me the trouble; and I have nobody to write to, and nothing to write about.'—'Should you not like a better house?'—'I do not know what I should do with it; it would only add to my trouble.' The love of independence is often said to be an instinct of man, a natural, irrepressible feeling; but when I asked Peter Petrovich if he ever thought of buying his freedom, of endeavouring to become his own master, he looked surprised, and said: 'Am I a fool? Do not I know when I am well off? Must not my lord provide for me? How could I provide for myself?' It was in vain I sought to touch a chord which is said to vibrate on all minds—the love of liberty. But liberty to him was to have to

take no care for himself: he fancied he should be cumbered and perplexed about the means of existence. 'No! no!' said he, 'my lord must keep me from starvation, must give me a house to live in, and garments if I want them. I free? who is to feed me, clothe me, shelter me, but my master?'—'But surely, if you were to labour for yourself, and keep all the money you gain, you might have better food and garments, and a more comfortable house.' It was in vain to talk to Peter Petrovich. 'My master must provide for me!' was the burthen of his story. He felt like a child unaccustomed to walk alone, when the hand that guides it is about to be withdrawn—or a boy unable to swim, who is menaced with being placed out of his depth in the water. And perhaps there will be many a generation of Peter Petroviches before

any desire to change their condition will prevail among the peasant serfs of Russia."

"Is it not a lamentable state of things that they should be so deadened to all generous feeling?" inquired George.

"It would be yet more lamentable if, without any chance of happy change, they were sensible of their degraded state; but by and by commerce, and the silent spread of improvement, will produce uncomfortable feelings, and they will contrast their condition with that of happier nations; and then, moved either by the fears of their revolt, or by a more benevolent principle, such as the desire to promote their improvement, their government will emancipate them by its own act, or they will obtain their emancipation by their united exertions. Such is the progress of intelligence, and it is impossible not to hope that it will

ultimately better the condition of every part of the human race.

"One of the happiest families I have seen was that of a poor sailor settled on the shores of the Bay of Biscay. I was once landed at the small sea-port town where they dwelt. Theirs was a small cottage covered with vines, from which hung, at the time of my visit, huge bunches of grapes. It was during the Peninsular war that I was compelled to seek a landing-place on the stormy and rugged coast of Cantabria. The sailor, who had taken charge of me from an English ship of war, was at first an object of no small anxiety to me, for I had a large sum of money in my possession, he was a perfect stranger, and I wholly in his power. His frank and obvious honesty, however, soon won all my confidence, and I slept under his humble covering with less distrust than had I been

beneath a palace roof. He brought me the white bread for which Spain is celebrated, and large bunches of fragrant Muscadel grapes. The best bed was made up for my reposing place, and when I slept I was recommended to the care of the Virgin, of whom an earthenware image was suspended with gay ribbons above my pillow. Yet those were terrible times, for war had ravaged the country, and there was on every side the track of devastation; one day the French troops, another day the Spanish guerillas, set fire to the most ancient and remarkable edifices of the land. Whole villages were depopulated, and it has sometimes happened to me to arrive in deserted streets and to find all the houses unroofed, and half of them wholly destroyed. Scenes of horror, recorded deeds of horror. Foreign invasion and civil war had each in turn made Spain a field of blood. The cha-

rities of the human character were likely to be invaded, if not destroyed, by those sufferings which were exhibited day by day; but even among those who suffered most there were many who retained their kind and hospitable feelings. I well remember, when I left the cottage of the Spanish sailor, that he provided for me two stout young women, who carried my luggage in perfect safety over the mountains, on foot, and deposited it in the town to which I was bound. It was not easy to travel in safety, but a long day's journey brought them and me to the capital of the province. He would accept no pecuniary recompense. He seemed to consider himself responsible for my safety; and well might his spontaneous and unbought courtesies deeply affect my mind. 'Do you want nothing?' I inquired on leaving him.—'I want nothing. I will take nothing. The Virgin guide you on your way.'"

# THE SHERIFF OF MEKKA.

THE children took the earliest opportunity of finding their Papa disengaged, in order to remind him that he had said he would let them hear about Egypt and Palestine and Turkey and Greece, and other remote regions.

"And tell us about those beautiful Mahometan countries and all the people," exclaimed Edith.

"But was not Mahomet a wicked imposter, Papa?" inquired Arthur; "and do not the Mahometans call Christians dogs, and treat them with much scorn and ill-will?"

"It has been truly and wisely said," replied Mr Howard, "that there is a soul of goodness in things evil; and the false religions that have made so much progress in the world

never could have succeeded but for the mingling of truths with their errors, of virtues with their defects, and of bright points contrasted with their darkness."

"Are there not many good men among Mussulmans?" asked Edith.

"And even among Pagans?" added Arthur.

"It is not likely that the Divine Being should have given to any portion of his creatures a monopoly of excellence, or that he should have left a part of the race of man without a capacity for virtue and happiness. And I have often found persons among the Mussulmans of whom Christians might well have been proud—men hospitable, beneficent, and tolerant in the highest degree. I remember an instance, which I will mention to you, as showing how much even the love of truth may exist in the mind of a Mahometan. When travelling in Egypt, I got into a con-

troversy with a Turkish friend as to the superiority of the Christian over the Mahometan religion. He had more than once told me it was a subject on which he did not object to talk with me; though he, and Mahometans generally, avoided all discussions with Christians who began by treating their Prophet with scorn and their Holy Book with irreverence. 'You may think Mahomet not to have been a Prophet, but you always allow him to have been a wonderful man; you may not admit that our Koran is divinely inspired, but you acknowledge it has passages of great poetical beauty, that some of its descriptions of God are eloquent and elevated, and that you have often turned over its pages with pleasure and sometimes with improvement. Well, now I will tell you what I think of your religion and of your Christian Prophet (for you know the Mussulmans allow

Jesus Christ, whom they call Issa, to have been a Prophet). I would willingly make Issa the arbiter between you and me. I would tell him where I was born, how I was taught, what passed in my mind—and ask him whether I could be other than what I am, a conscientious Mussulman. Nay more: if *you* think there is no road to future happiness but that in which you walk, and that the road in which I am walking leads to everlasting perdition, I should be willing that Issa himself should decide on my future condition. I would say to him: "I am travelling by one path, and endeavouring to get into Paradise; and my Christian opponent is travelling by another." Sure I am that he would stretch out his hand to both of us, and help us on our way; and acknowledge that one of the faithful Moslems might be entitled to his favours

equally with his own followers.' I felt the words of the Turk were a noble testimony to genuine Christianity, the religion of charity, and rejoiced to hope and to believe he had not mistaken the character of the founder of our faith."

"I think I have observed, Papa! that those who have travelled generally speak with more kindness of persons of different opinions than those who have never left their country," said George.

"No doubt it is one of the advantages of travel that it destroys petty prejudices, and makes us better acquainted with the reality of things. By travel we are taught that other countries, as well as our own, have much to recommend them, and their inhabitants have often qualities to love and to honour."

"But tell me, if travelling teach us to

love other countries more, does it not also make us love our own country less?" asked Edith.

"By no means; it is, on the contrary, on returning home from foreign lands that the love of our fatherland burns strongest in the bosom. But I will tell you another story of a Mussulman, which will interest you, because the subject of it is a very remarkable man."

"Pray do!" exclaimed all the children.

"I heard the early history of the late Sheriff of Mekka from Mahomet Ali Pasha himself. He was one of the direct descendants of Mahomet, and the head of one of the most distinguished tribes of the desert—the tribe of On, which, more than any other, has sought to preserve all its patriarchal usages, and to keep itself pure from what they call the contamination of towns. The

wilderness is their home; and, though many of the tribe are called to hold office in the Holy City, they invariably send their children into the desert, to preserve them from the effeminating influence of those who live within walls. The Sheriff is a man of a tall and imposing presence—his eye bright and fierce as a lynx's—his skin perfectly black—his movements rapid, but easy—and his whole bearing impressive and stately. He had much distinguished himself in various military encounters, had received fourteen or fifteen wounds, and was considered, in a word, as the most illustrious warrior of the Hedjaz. On the application of the Pasha of Egypt to the Sultan of Turkey, the Sheriffdom of the Holy City—the highest Arabian dignity—was conferred upon him. But, as his new office brought new influence, he became an object of apprehension to Mahomet Ali, who

found it necessary to secure his person by an ingenious stratagem. On occasion of some festivity, he ordered one of his captains in the Red Sea to invite the Sheriff and his attendants to a repast on board his vessel, which was then laying at Jedda. The Sheriff came with his people, and when they were all on board, and engaged in the enjoyments of the table, the anchor was raised, the vessel set sail, and the Sheriff and his friends were delivered over to the Governor of Suez, who escorted them safely to Cairo—where I had the pleasure of making the Sheriff's acquaintance, and found him surrounded, if not with the splendours of independence, with much of the pomp and parade of Oriental life.

"The Sheriff is still living at Cairo, and I went with the English Consul-General to pay him an evening visit. The sun had

but just set, and we found him engaged with about forty persons in acts of devotion. They were repeating the 'Allah illa Allah ! Mahommed Resoul Allah !' * and bending their foreheads to the dust in frequent prostrations—while, on rising, they sung religious hymns to the sound of the pipe and tabor. We remained at a distance until the service was over : we then approached, and were received with great courtesy, and requested to take our seats next to the Sheriff on the divan, of which he occupied the corner. His son, an intelligent lad of about ten or twelve years old, sat on his right hand ; the most distinguished of the guests took their places, more or less remote on the divan, according to their ranks ; and about thirty servants,

* 'There is no god but God, and Mahomet is God's Prophet !'

Prison of the Sheriff.

— Osmanlis, Egyptians, negro slaves, and eunuchs—clad in a great variety of costume, for the most part richly ornamented, stood in a semicircle about the Divan.

"Handsome pipes, coffee, and sherbet, according to the Oriental custom, were introduced, and the conversation began to be very interesting and animated. As it became more general, I observed that one of the guests took a more prominent part than the rest, and that his opinions had much weight with the company. He had been a great traveller, had visited Calcutta and many parts of British India, and he told the Sheriff that there were some millions of faithful Mussulmans in that part of the world. Upon which we said that it was the policy, as it was the duty, of the British government to protect them in the full enjoyment of their religious opinions and the exercise of their religious

rites. The Sheriff ordered his scribe to be sent for, and to seat himself on the Divan. He came, bearing in his sash an inkstand girdled with diamonds, from which he took a beautifully decorated reed; and the Sheriff, while his eye glistened with delight, directed him to record all that had been said respecting British India. 'We know something of Hindostan,' he added; 'it supplies Mekka with almost all the articles we consume. We see a great many pilgrims from that country. Your government does not interfere with them. That is just, that is right.'

"He made many inquiries about Europe. 'Was there not a very great warrior there some years ago?'—'You mean Napoleon Buonaparte.' He had not heard his name, he said, but had heard of his deeds. 'And was he not conquered, and sent away to die in exile?'—'He was!'—'But, if he was so

great a warrior, how came he to be conquered?' —'Because there was a greater warrior than he!'—'And what was that other warrior's name?'—'Wellington.'—'Put that down, put that down,' said the Sheriff to the scribe.

"'And what is the name of your King?' —'We have no King, we have a Queen.'—'What, a woman! Put that down, scribe! put that down. And what is your Queen's name?'—'Victoria Alexandrina.'—'And what is the meaning of her name?'—'Victoria is your Nasrah, a name given to celebrate the great victory of the great warrior we were speaking of.'—'Write that, scribe. But Alexandrina, what is the meaning of that?' Upon which we pointed out the relationship between the Royal family of England and the Imperial family of Russia, and that it was in honour of an Emperor of the North that the name of Alexandrina was given. But Arabs have

no notions of any latitude in name-giving, and we did not succeed in making the reasons clear to the Sheriff. It was too remote an association of cause and effect; and he said quietly, 'I do not understand this:' but he did not say to the scribe, 'Put that down.'

"'But do your people ever see your Queen? Does she unveil her face?'—'Indeed she does, and a very pretty face it is!'—'Mashallah! Put it down, scribe.' We had just been reading in the papers an account of the city festival in honour of the Queen, and described it to the astonished Sheriff as well as we could—the unveiled Queen, the unveiled ladies of the court, the ceremonials, the feastings, the procession, the speechifying. 'Mashallah! Mashallah! I must believe it, because you say it. Put it down, scribe! put it all down.'

The children were amused with Mr Howard's story, and had quite forgotten the conversation that led to it. Little Edith sat, thrilling with pleasure, in her chair; she was so delighted, she clapped her hands; but at last cried out, "Go on, go on, Papa!"

"The Mussulman traveller said a few words to the Sheriff, and the Sheriff inquired of us whether it was true that in Europe the sea rose and the sea fell at stated seasons. As we, of course, answered in the affirmative, 'Inquire,' said the traveller, 'what is the cause of the rise and fall of the sea?' The scribe was directed to be attentive, and we answered that it had been observed to follow the changes of the moon, but that our wise men had not been able to explain the Theory of the Tides. 'I have another question to ask, which is to me a mystery: tell me why that which is secreted from the eyes

is salt, from the mouth is sweet, and from the ears is bitter?' We could only refer to the wonderful organization of the human frame, and to the adaptation of all its parts to the purposes for which they were destined; but we could not explain the cause. 'It is a mystery to you who are Christians, and to us who are Mahometans—it is a mystery to all.'—'Yes!' said one of the company; 'but may not Christians and Mahometans agree in this, that the God who made the sea to rise and fall, and who gave those different characters to the secretions of the head of man—may we not all say that he is the father of us all, and that he is most great, most wise, and most good?'—'Wallah! Tayib!' exclaimed the Sheriff; and 'Tayib!' (That is well!) was echoed by every voice, and resounded through the room. Never was I more delighted or more affected; this was

something like a triumph of religious truth, subduing, in that moment of honest enthusiasm, every thought of uncharitableness."

# THE NILE.

"ARE not the Egyptians very proud of their country?" asked George.

"The love of country," answered Mr Howard, "is one of the strongest of human passions, but it has been thought to exist less strongly in flat than in mountainous lands. Among the Egyptians, the attachment is less to the soil than to the river—the river Nile, which is in their eyes, as it was in the eyes of their forefathers, a sort of divinity. They speak of their Nile with the intensity of personal affection—it is their daily benefactor; to it they owe their wealth, be that wealth great or small—the verdure

of their fields, their food, their drink, their clothing—for it produces the vegetables and the fish they eat; it gives the water with which they quench their thirst and cook their victuals; it causes the cotton tree to grow, of which they make their garments; it supplies their flocks and herds. There is not a woman on its banks who, from the time at which she first is able to carry a pitcher on her head or bear one in her hand, does not daily replenish it in the sacred and venerable stream. Its praise passes into their proverbs, into their daily talk. I remember travelling to the Bahr el Youssouff, and, having alighted, I gave my horse to a poor fellah woman; when, on remounting, I put a small coin into her hand, she said, 'May Allah bless thee as he blessed the course of the Nile!' A hundred times I have been told in Egypt: 'You will return

hither. No one ever drank the waters of the Nile without being irresistibly impelled to drink them again.' And the water, though not clear, is delicious and healthful. The Egyptian Levantines have a saying, that 'What Champagne is to other wines is the Nile to other waters;' and there is also an Arabian proverb—'Had Mahomet drank the waters of the Nile he would have stayed on earth, and not have allowed himself to be conveyed to Paradise.'"

"Is there much sailing on the Nile, Papa? Will you tell us what sorts of boats are used?" said Edith.

"There are between five and six thousand boats constantly in movement on the two branches of the Nile, the Rosetta and Damietta branches; and, from the point of their union, up to Essouan. There is the first cataract, as it is called—but it is not a cataract, it is

merely a rapid, where the waters rush through the granite rocks—having, however, channels so large that, during many months of the year, the boats can be hauled through, and proceed to Wadi Halfa, the second cataract.

Boats on the Nile are of all sizes, from the smallest punt to djerms, which will convey 200 tons of goods. They are for the most part of coarse construction, carrying enormously large triangular sails, and are frequently overturned by the sudden gusts on the river. It has happened to me to be sailing quietly up one bank of the Nile, and all of a sudden, without any notice, to find my boat whirled away, and left high and dry on the opposite side. Accidents are perpetually occurring; so often that they excite little interest, and the Arabs will seldom interfere to succour the wrecked.

In December 1837 I was sailing up the Nile in one of the Pacha's boats, and we saw in the middle of the stream, keel upwards, an overturned vessel, on whose sides were a pilgrim and three or four other persons, who stretched out their hands towards us as we passed, and cried, imploringly, for aid. Our sailors would not listen either to our requests or to our menaces, requiring them to stop. They answered, there were other boats behind; and so there were; two boats, with English travellers, who, appealed to like ourselves, did all they could to induce their Arab sailors to help the shipwrecked people, but it was all in vain. They had a fine wind, they said, and would not be delayed. Besides, why did not they swim? —though then the surface of the Nile was rough as the stormy ocean, and he must have been a good swimmer indeed who would have

trusted its waves. The Arabs might have done so, for they are almost amphibious; but the poor pilgrim !—"

"And what became of the poor pilgrim, Papa?" asked Edith.

"Why, being invested with some authority, we applied to the governor of the next town we reached (I think it was Manfalout), and he despatched a boat in order to save the shipwrecked people. They had been able to cling to the keel of the vessel till succour arrived, and they were brought safe to shore, except one, whom the waves had washed away from the vessel."

"Is not Manfalout the place where travellers begin to see crocodiles on the Nile?" inquired George, between whom and his Papa the following conversation took place:

"Yes! but they sometimes come lower

down. However, it is only above Manfalout that they are seen in great numbers."

"In great numbers, Papa! How many have you seen at once?"

"Perhaps forty or fifty, basking in the sun. I once counted fourteen close together on a very small sand-bank in the middle of the Nile."

"Do they fly from travellers?"

"Always, when they are awake."

"And is there any truth in the story that they have a little bird to attend them and give them notice of danger?"

"There is a bird on the Nile, found in great numbers in the places most frequented by the crocodile, called by the Arabs the ziczac, and by Europeans the monitor, which always rises with a sharp noise somewhat like its Arabic name, and which is the bird

supposed to be the crocodile's guardian. The story had its origin, probably, in the simultaneous flight of the bird and of the crocodile on the approach of danger. An intelligent English traveller, however, told me that he had himself seen the monitor give notice to the crocodile of the arrival of travellers."

"Does the crocodile often attack travellers?"

"O no! it is really a timid animal, feeding principally on fish, and flying the neighbourhood of man; but if it can attack a human being without danger, it will not hesitate to do so. It is not an unfrequent thing, when a crocodile has been killed, to find bracelets or other ornaments undigested in its bowels."

"Are they easily caught?"

"Not easily: but there are some of the Arabs who are very dextrous in the pursuit

and capture of the crocodile. The Governor of Girgeh told me of a peasant who had killed in one day no less than seventeen large crocodiles. He was in the habit of presenting himself to the crocodile in the water, with a heavy dagger in his hand, and of stabbing the animal in the mouth or throat; but the crocodile is far more agile than he is generally supposed to be, and turns round with great ease considering his unwieldy size."

"Do they live to a great age?"

"Frequently!—in fact, even their persons get distinctly known; and at Farshiout I heard of an immense old crocodile, with whom all the fellahs were acquainted, and had been so for two or three generations. He had a great reputation for cunning, nobody having been able to get near enough to hurt him; and the crocodile destroyers had quite

Crocodile-Catcher.

abandoned the idea of entrapping him. '*The* old Timsah' was his name in his neighbourhood; and in his life he had devoured several children. Even to the present time the Egyptians hold the crocodile in reverence, and you not unfrequently see a stuffed crocodile suspended from their doors."

"I suppose travellers on the Nile often shoot at them in passing?"

"Yes! but they do not often wound them mortally, or even so seriously as to enable them to capture one. At the sound of the gun, or the sight of the flash, they rush into the water—where they do not swim, but walk about on the bottom, now and then raising their heads to the surface in order to take breath."

"Are there not hippopotami, also, in the Nile?"

"There are—but not in Egypt, or even

in Nubia. They are found beyond the Upper Delta, where the Nile is divided into its two great branches—the White and the Blue Nile."

# PERIS.

"Now," said Mrs Howard to Mr Howard one evening, "will you not amuse us all by some fairy story which you have heard in the East. The children will see that the Orientals are as romantic as ever, and they may busy themselves in endeavouring to explain the mysteries of the tale."

"Well, then!" responded Mr Howard; "the truth of the story I am about to tell was vouched for to a European traveller (in 1816) by the Pacha, the Disdar Bey, the Imaums of the four principal Mosques, the leading Rabbi of the Jews, the principal Armenian merchants, and more than twenty

of the wealthiest inhabitants of Napoli di Romania, whose names I have before me. The traveller says that he himself visited the tailor who is the subject of the narrative, that he is at the head of his profession in the place, and that he confirmed to him the statement which he had heard before, to the following purpose :—

" The tailor—a religious man and a devout follower of the Prophet—was living in single blessedness, and, though not distinguished for the grace or beauty of his person, a Peri became enamoured of him, and they dwelt together for three years in all the harmony of domestic life. During the whole of this period the tailor neither ate nor drank like ordinary mortals, and he confessed that his Peri provided for him the most wholesome and delicious repasts. There was only one drawback on his happiness—that every night

the Peri forced him to ramble with her over mountain and valley, which at first caused him much alarm; but finding that no mischief resulted to him, and that the Peri always treated him with the most affectionate attention, he submitted at last, without much reluctance, to these midnight excursions.

"Napoli is a strongly fortified town, situated on the sea-shore; and its citadel, called Palamoud, is built upon a high and rugged precipice. It was a work of the Venetians, and is fortified according to the rules of art; and, at the time of which we are speaking, the guard was mounted there with the greatest regularity and strictness. The gates of the town and of the citadel were regularly closed at sunset, but the tailor was often seen within the walls of the citadel at midnight. He frequently visited, long after the gates were shut, the Governor, and other

persons dwelling there. His union with the Peri, and the fact of her transporting him through the air at night, were so universally known that his presence excited no sort of anxiety; and the respect of the Turks for the Peri race led them to consider the tailor as a most honoured and happy man, and they were unwilling to interfere with the arrangements of his unearthly fair. It was not, however, of his being conveyed to the citadel, where he had acquaintances and friends, that he complained. The Peri sometimes transported him to the top of a very high mountain, and left him, shivering in the cold, while she visited her own people or attended to her own affairs; after a short absence, however, she invariably returned, and escorted him safely back to their abode at Napoli di Romania. No doubt it was somewhat distrustful on the part of the Peri, but it was

the jealousy of love—and they say the love of a Peri is particularly jealous. The tailor, after all, did not murmur much. He had given up his business, as the Peri provided for all his wants; and, could he have been spared the midnight travels, he would have been the happiest of tailors—no! not of tailors, for he had quitted the board—but the happiest of men.

"After three years had thus passed, the Peri came to him one day with a mournful countenance, followed by a Djin (or Genius), and told him that a war had broken out between the Peri race to which she belonged and another Peri nation; and, as it was the usage among them for both sexes to take part in the fray, she was about to join the legions of her own people. She talked pathetically of the bliss she had enjoyed in the last three years of her existence; and 'O! my

love !' exclaimed she, 'should I escape the dangers of war, I shall hasten back to thee —with what delight shall I hasten back ! But if (and here tears like pearls fell from her bright black eyes)—if I am among the sacrificed, this Djin, my faithful servant, will bring thee my bloody garment, and thou art free to forget thy Peri and to wed with whom thou wilt.' Great was the distress, and violent the despair, of the tailor. He said all that love could say—urged everything that prudence and fear could urge—pleaded —entreated—nay ! it is said he wept : it was all in vain. 'We are not to be judged by the low standard of mortals,' said the Peri ; 'my purpose is not to be changed.' Then the tailor fell into an agony of grief, and entreated, as one last, one solitary favour, that he might be permitted to accompany his beloved, to battle at her side, to protect

George Cruikshank

her person—to fight for her, to die for her—never was tailor more heroically eloquent. Upon which the Djin fixed upon the tailor a look so terrible that he felt the earth was shaking under him and the heavens above him—and he hid himself trembling behind the Peri. 'How then,' said she, with a sweet smile, 'how then, wouldst thou, my beloved! meet a countless army, every one of whom is a thousand times more terrible than this slave of mine—this miserable Djin?' 'More terrible!' exclaimed the affrighted tailor, 'more terrible! dost thou say?' 'Could I expose thee—wouldst thou forgive me for exposing thee to beings whose very appearance would strike thee blind—beings as subtle as air, as violent as whirlwinds, as swift as falling stars, as wise as angels, and as strong as Gods—beings, the meanest of whom not all the united heroes of earth could wound—

and any one of whom would destroy the mightiest army that the mightiest sovereign among men ever gathered together?' 'Heaven forfend,' said the tailor, pulling down over his face the folds of his turban, 'I'—but here his voice failed him—and at that moment the Peri pressed upon his lips the farewell kiss, and he heard her gentle blessings descend upon him as she winged her way through the air, accompanied by her mysterious attendant.

Sadly changed was the lot of the tailor. No longer did unearthly fingers prepare his food, nor unearthly love provide for his thousand necessities. Yet a ray of hope was left—perhaps—perhaps the Peri might return to him again, smiling and victorious. The tailor hoped in vain. In a few days the Djin suddenly entered his dwelling—he shook in the tailor's face the bloody garment of the Peri. 'Dead! dead!' said the terrible mes-

senger, in a low and mournful voice. 'Dead!' re-echoed the tailor, hiding his face in his hands, in a tone far more low and more sepulchral—but he needed no further confirmation—he raised himself up, but the Djin was departed.

"The tailor fell ill; his life was despaired of—but he recovered. He was obliged to resume his ancient profession, which he fondly hoped he had abandoned for ever, when he had been wedded to something nobler than royalty—to something little less than angelic. But he languishes in widowhood—he has vowed he will never be the husband of one of earthly blood. You may see him now (or you might have done so before the Greek revolution), sitting in his shop with lack-lustre eye, and precocious wrinkles. He will talk willingly with you of his Peri-love—it is a theme, indeed, that he delights to dwell on, and he will

assure you, by the beard of the prophet, and by the swords of all the faithful, that every word of this narrative is strictly, and to the letter, *true.*"

"What a strange story!" exclaimed Edith. "And did the people really believe it?"

"No doubt," said Mr Howard, "as firmly as our forefathers believed in the existence of witches, and the appearance of spirits."

"Do tell us another," said one, and the whole of the company joined in the petition.

"The story I will now speak of I heard in the same neighbourhood as the last. A Peri had become enamoured of a young Turk at Napoli di Romania, and loved him with the most earnest affection. On one occasion the Peri told him that she was forced to leave him in order to attend a meeting of all the genii of the town and neighbourhood, which was to take place that night in one of the principal public baths. The young man urgently

entreated to be allowed to accompany her, which she resisted, saying that she loved him too much to expose him to the dangers of such an adventure. But he would hear of no refusal —he insisted on her granting his request— he said that her compliance would be the best evidence of her affection—in fact, his acquaintance with the Peri had made him bold and reckless. The Peri still endeavoured to induce him to abandon his request. It was in vain; so saying 'Well! if it *must* be,' she vanished, and soon returned bringing a green sprig, which she put into his hands and told him to take special care not to let it fall, while she whispered into his ear the password to enable him to enter the bath. His eager curiosity led him thither even before the sun was down, but his Peri had preceded him, and she took him into a corner where she covered him with a hasrah (a mat of palm-

leaves) and as the night came on a large company gathered together of Djins and Peris, till the baths were exceedingly crowded. He noticed that there were many distinctions as to rank and power, and that his Peri occupied a very elevated place among the company. When the festivities began, a dog with yellow hair entered, and began to play all sorts of tricks for the amusement of the guests. He was accompanied by another animal somewhat resembling him. The yellow-haired dog was well known to the young Turk, for he had often noticed him drinking blood and eating all sorts of filthiness near the butchers' shops in the town—but now he took various shapes, and exhibited his antics for the amusement of the assembled genii. Long ere the sun was up the company dispersed, and the Turk, returning through the butchers' row, saw the yellow-haired dog, and thoughtlessly but involuntarily

exclaimed, 'Scoundrel! thou livest upon blood here, but what dost thou do elsewhere?' Upon which the dog looked into his face, growled, and scampered away. Within an hour the Peri joined the young Turk. 'Unhappy man!' said she, 'what hast thou done?—so little to be trusted—so careless about one whom he professes to love'; and then she told him that the dog had been to complain to the Prince of the Peris—that she had been tried and condemned—and the sentence was that she should be transformed into a serpent, and laid down at the door of the Hunkiar Djiamisi (imperial mosque) before the conclusion of the morning prayer, as doubtless the Mussulmans would immediately and easily destroy the serpent, that being the time when the animal is torpid and helpless, until the beams of the sun give it activity and energy. 'But thou mayest save me, love!' said the

Peri, 'and surely thou wilt save me. Come to the mosque at the morning prayer—be the last to enter, the first to leave the mosque—seize on the serpent—my lips, which have so often kissed thee, shall never do thee harm—convey me to thy chamber—but first provide thyself with incense to break the spell (she put the directions into his hand)—and I shall be restored to thee—thy own Peri love.' And the youth promised obedience. He went to the mosque punctually, and placed himself close to the door, or rather to the cloth curtain which takes that name. Ere prayers were ended, an involuntary sleep came over him, from which he was aroused by violent and repeated cries outside the mosque; he staggered affrighted out of the door, and inquired, in the greatest agitation, the cause of the tumult. Hundreds of voices answered, 'A serpent, a great serpent—a serpent, at the very

door of the mosque.' 'Where, where?' asked the young man—'where? I will seize it—I am not afraid.' 'Seize it!' the people cried—'seize it! stones and sticks enough have made *that* needless—it is flung on the roof of the Medrésséh' (a Mussulman school in the neighbourhood). It was piteous to see the young man, for he cried bitterly, ran about like a maniac, and insisted on getting upon the roof of the school. Everybody supposed him to be mad, and he was soon laid hold of and ordered to be chained. 'But listen to me,' he said, 'listen'—and he told the people the story of his love with the Peri, and what had been her fate. They took pity upon him and he was released; they even assisted him to get on the roof of the Medrésséh—but no serpent was there—no sign that any serpent had ever been there; the young man wrung his hands in despair, and flung himself down from the

roof into the street. It was believed he would be found dead, but he luckily fell on a high pile of mud, which everybody knows is at the foot of the Medrésséh.

"The young man, my informant tells me, is still alive—moody, melancholy, and unmarried."

"It is," continued Mr Howard, "by no means uncommon to find in the Levant persons who, without any motive or any wish to deceive, narrate, with the utmost simplicity, stories of supernatural appearances they themselves have witnessed. The conviction of the existence of Peris and Djins and Afrits is so universal that no reputation for veracity would be diminished in the slightest degree by statements that, to our ears, would seem wilful if not wicked inventions. A young man who was in the service of the physician of Halil Bey, of Zeitouni, used to describe

the visits he received in his childhood from Peris of heavenly beauty, clad in long robes of snowy whiteness, who kissed his lips and patted his cheeks as we are wont to do with a lovely child. They came in large bodies, and on one occasion, when he behaved with impropriety, he received (he said) a violent blow on his left cheek, which left a permanent mark through the remainder of his life. When he grew to manhood the Peris ceased to visit him, though he declared he had once seen a considerable number, clad in their white garments, and glancing about in the air. It was a subject on which he was unwilling to speak, and it was only when his master strongly urged him that he ever consented to give any particulars of what he had seen.

# THE PRINCE OF THE DRUSES.

THE next day our party met as usual, and Edith made her way to her father's knee, while Mrs Howard sat on the other side of the fire-place, and the boys drew their chairs near to Mr Howard.

"Will you give us some more stories from the East, dear Papa?" said the little girl, while she patted his cheek.

"Very willingly," was Mr Howard's reply, "and to-day our talk shall be about real personages.

"In the mountains of Lebanon, whose range divides a great portion of Syria and Palestine at about an equal distance from the sea and the

desert, lives the Emir Beshir, the Prince of the Druses. This interesting people have a religion of which, hitherto, no one has been able to learn anything precise, neither as to the being they worship, nor the religious rites they celebrate; nor in what respects their creed differs from, nor in what it agrees with, the Maronite Christians who occupy Mount Lebanon to the north—the Mussulmans, who are the most numerous body in the adjacent towns and country—or the various other Christian sects who are scattered over the face of Palestine in great variety, and, I am sorry to say, in perpetual discord with one another."

"What! in the Holy Land!" said George, "in the spot where our Saviour lived, and taught, and died?"

"Alas! even there," answered Mr Howard; "for in no part of the Christian world are religious quarrels so universal as in Palestine;

and in no part of Palestine so active as in Jerusalem; and in no part of Jerusalem so violent as in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There the clergy, Catholic, Greek, and Armenian, may be often seen inflicting violent blows upon one another; even the Copts, though small in number, and despised by all the others, do not fail to take a part in the disgraceful riotings, and it frequently happens that the Mahommedan soldiers are called in to settle the squabbles of the turbulent Christian combatants. So little is the spirit of Christianity understood—so little are its precepts of mildness and forbearance and beneficence practised on the very spot which witnessed the benignant virtues and heard the divine lessons of Jesus."

"And what do the Mussulmans say to such proceedings?" asked Arthur.

"I once heard a very thoughtful and learned

Mussulman say that he had no doubt there were a great many honest Christians who wished to convert both Jews and Mahommedans, but while Christians were so perpetually engaged in quarrelling with one another, and so completely disagreed as to what was Christianity, he must be excused from paying any attention to them."

"Was *that* talking like a sensible man, Papa?" inquired Edith.

"By no means; for if a thousand mathematicians were violently disputing about a mathematical problem, would that prove there is no such thing as sound mathematics? And if a number of travellers differed about the situation of a town, or the course of a river, or the height of a mountain, would that show there was no such town, or river, or mountain, or no such science as geography? But it is not the less true that such contests, carried on with violence

and intemperance, naturally disgust the disinterested and unimpassioned lookers-on. But we must not forget the Emir Beshir."

"Is he the head of their religious faith as well as their sovereign?" interrupted George.

"No! he himself, contrary to Oriental usages, has only one wife, a Greek lady, whom he does not even keep secluded from his intimate friends; and in the village of Beit Eddein, where is his palace, there is, adorned with some very tolerable paintings sent from Rome, a handsome Catholic church, in which Christian service is daily celebrated in the ancient Syriac tongue, which is understood and read by many of the Maronites and Druses, but, I believe, is spoken by none."

"Did you ever meet with any of the priests of the Druses, Papa?" was Edith's question.

"Yes! in the village of Cornail, in Mount Lebanon, at the foot of which are the coal

mines worked by Ibrahim Pacha, we were attended by an old man and his wife, and he, I was told, was one of the Sheikhs of the Druses. His wife was much younger than himself—she wore the high silver horn which all the married women among the Druses are crowned with at the wedding ceremony, and which they are said never to take off by day or by night till the moment of their death. When they walk out, the horn, which is about eighteen inches high, stands up erect, and when they enter the low doors of their houses they bend it horizontally forward. From its top is suspended a white or black veil, with which they cover their countenances when any male stranger is present. They generally turn their back when a person is passing, though I have often watched their bright eyes twinkling through the holes of their veils, and have more than once seen,

unobserved, their fine Oriental countenances. I recollect that, when we took our departure, and gave the accustomed *bakshish* to the Drusec woman at Cornail she allowed her veil to be down so much as to show a very graceful and a very grateful smile. I endeavoured to learn something of their religion from the husband, who, if disposed, was able to gratify my curiosity. But he would not talk on the subject; he merely said that the Druses prayed in Arabic, but did not tell me to whom, and that they had their temple in the mountains, to which they were accustomed to repair. If you inquire of a Mussulman or a Christian, you are pretty certain to be told that the Druses are idolaters, and that they worship a brazen calf. The Europeans, in corroboration of this, say that a rudely-wrought calf was found in one of their temples, but I never heard anything more satisfactory than conjecture. They are

a very laborious people, and strongly attached to their mountain passes, which they cultivate with extraordinary assiduity. Nothing can be more beautiful than the succession of terraces, from the highest to the lowest cultivable spots on the mountain sides, and in the valleys of Lebanon, which the Druses inhabit. They much resemble the people of Lucca in Italy in their manner of turning every square foot of earth to account. Their farms, when I was among them, were green with the mulberry tree (their principal product), the pomegranate, the vine, and the olive. Beautiful water-courses irrigated their grounds; men, women, and children were all busily engaged in the labour of their rocky fields—fields conquered even from the precipice and the mountain.

There is, perhaps, no man living who represents the character, and supports the dignity

of what feudal princes were in the middle ages so well as the Emir Beshir. He is the ruler over about 7,000 families, or about 37,000 individuals, who pay him taxes and do him homage, while he recognizes the Pacha of Egypt as his sovereign lord. His castle, at about half-an-hour's distance from Deir el Kamar, is situated on the top of one of the Lebanon mountains, overlooking a large extent of a country of consummate beauty, watered by abundant streams, and producing the richest harvests. It can only be reached by precipitous paths, which seem like huge natural staircases of stone, up and down, broken into the greatest irregularities by perpetual convulsions. One of the fine streams, which feed the groves and plains and gardens of the Prince, I tracked, by the sides of the mountains for many hours, through an artificial channel, a wonderful work of masonry, which conveys it in

safety along the slanting bosoms of the hills, over deep valleys and through calcareous rocks, in the midst of which it is sometimes apparently lost. Proceeding through the town, you descend into a deep and broken dell, whence you mount again towards the palace of the Emir, which you enter by a large gate, in which are crowds of attendants, for the table of the princely occupier provides every day for fourteen hundred servitors. The horses of travellers and visitors of all sorts are seen scattered about the outer courts, in which are many superb Arab steeds tied by the leg, according to the Oriental custom, and having a small circle of their own, to which they are confined by the rope. The court was echoing the responses of one magnificent charger to another when we entered; several servants soon appeared, who conducted us to apartments, ever ready for the travel-

ler, and the inquiry was made, whether we preferred living in the Oriental or the European style. Curious to see what notions from the far West had reached an Eastern prince, we chose to be served *alla franca*, and tables and chairs were brought in, table-cloth and napkins, knives, forks, and spoons, wine, tumblers and glasses; and, but for the costumes of the attendants, and the deep and fresh impression of "the pomps and circumstances" around us, we could have fancied ourselves transported to the neighbourhood of our own houses, and receiving the hospitalities of old friends and kindred. Our first visit was to the Emin Emir, the son of the Prince, who received us in the Oriental way in his own divan. He did not wear a turban, but a flowered silk handkerchief upon his head, and rom his belt there hung a watch-chain glittering with diamonds. Pipes, coffee, and

sherbet, were served, as usual, and conversation turned upon many things and many men —his travels, for the vicissitudes of fortune had once banished his father and himself to Egypt—their eccentric, moon-struck neighbour, Lady S. ;—but he was particularly desirous to hear something of Sir Sydney Smith, whom then and often (both before and afterwards in Palestine) I heard spoken of in terms of the most grateful and remembering affection. (So be the names of our countrymen ever recorded in the minds of strangers !) He gave us many particulars of the culture and produce of Mount Lebanon, and after this first conversation, for we had many afterwards, desired an attendant to escort us to the baths (which are among the most costly and complete in the world—inlaid with white and variegated marble, and wanting in nothing that taste or luxury could

suggest)—these he ordered to be prepared for us if we wished it—to the different apartments and courts of the palace—to the chapel which had been recently built—to the stores, where the products of the country were collected in immense abundance—to the kitchen, where huge copper vessels were filled with steaming food for the noon-tide meal of the multitudinous dependents. The Prince, his father, he told us, was indisposed, but would see us at the rise of the morrow's sun. Handsome beds, with superb coverings, were laid out for us on the floor, so that we did not unpack our own; and soon after we rose we received notice that the Prince was waiting to receive us in his own apartment.

"Did not Mahomet Ali," asked George, "disarm all the Druses, even after he had received the submission of the Emir Beshir?"

"Yes! he did; and I heard," replied Mr

Howard, "from one present, a very touching account of what passed. Many thousand stand of arms—some of which were very ancient, richly adorned and costly, the heir-looms of families, the very dearest of the possessions of a warlike people—were collected and brought into the court-yard of the Prince's palace; there they were broken one by one, and my informant said that, at every crash he saw fire in the old man's eye, and a thrill in his frame. I heard that he let fall a remark, and that the Egyptian officer answered, 'He, the Prince, was not the master there.' It was a needless aggravation of sufferings which, perhaps, it was necessary to inflict for the repose of the country, and even for the well-being of its warlike mountaineers. The words were reported to Ibrahim Pacha, and the officer who uttered them was punished."

"Nay! but, Papa, now tell us what happened when the Prince received you," said Edith, for she was a little annoyed by her brother's having interrupted the course of the conversation.

"We entered," continued Mr Howard, "a small room, richly painted and decorated; in the remotest corner of the divan sat one of the most venerable looking men that an artist ever chose for a model. He was clad in the long Syrian robes, wore a turban of the mingled silk and muslin of Bagdad, very fine white cotton gloves, and no other ornament than a small gold chain suspended from his neck, at the end of which hung a seal; which every now and then his secretary—having knelt before him, kissed the hem of his garments, and consulted him as to the contents of documents in his hand—applied, in order to give these documents the princely

authority. His long and silvery beard fell upon his bosom; his demeanour was in the highest degree princely, but gracious. We took our seats beside him, and, our Dragoman having more than once bent his forehead to the ground, a long conversation took place, which was only interrupted by the arrival of servants with refreshments, and by the dispatch of business to which his attention was called by various messengers who arrived.

"We had seen much in the palace to interest us; some of the rooms were painted in a style far superior to anything we had before remarked in the East, for most of the pictorial works of the Turks and Arabs show an entire ignorance of the laws of perspective; and cattle in a distant landscape, or ships on a remote sea, are often larger than the houses or trees, or boats in the front-ground. You may sometimes see an enemy

in flight, of which the man who is farthest off will be larger, if he be a person of rank, than his pursuers, who are close at hand; a swallow in the clouds will be of greater dimensions than an eagle, and a single horseman will be bigger than the bridge over which a whole army is passing. But there was some taste and knowledge of art in the modern apartments of the Prince's palace; and if there was a little of Oriental gaudiness there was nothing offensive, even to a practised eye. We were struck with the lightning conductors on different parts of the buildings, and expressed our surprise that one of the most advanced of philosophical discoveries should have made its way to the mountains of Syria. 'I saw these iron rods,' said the Prince, 'in a European vessel, on my way to Egypt. I inquired whether they could not be applied to buildings, for here

we have terrible lightning storms, and I found that in Frengistan (the Frank or European country) they were so employed. I ordered them to be made, and they have completely succeeded.' The Prince talked to us of railways, to which he regretted his mountainous regions were not adapted. He made many inquiries as to the powers of steam, both by land and water. Perhaps nothing has ever produced so great an effect on the East as the presence of our steam-boats. They serve as a perpetual lesson to the proud ignorance of the Levant; they have quietly, silently, but most effectually and eloquently obtained for us much respect and consideration from the masses of the inhabitants of the towns they have approached; and not only in the sea-ports, but on the banks of the various rivers over which they have passed—such as the

Nile, the Danube, and the Euphrates—they have disposed the people to look upon us as their superiors in many respects. It would not be easy to convince them that they are not our superiors in the arts of war or the arts of life; that they are not more brave, more civilized, more virtuous, more favoured by heaven; but the appearance of a power among them that masters the winds and the waves—a power present to their observation and intelligible to their senses — a power created and directed by infidels, set many of them thinking; and though at first the steamers were considered the work of devils, their adoption by Mussulman sovereigns has swept away all such theories, and left to their inventors the reputation of some superiority at least.

"The conversation of the Emir Beshir was

on many subjects; he supported it with great dignity, and showed far more acquaintance with what is going on in the world than could be expected from a Prince who had passed almost the whole of his life in the remote recesses of the mountains of Lebanon. He smoked a very long pipe, from the bowl of which the tobacco rose like a pyramid, and we understood it was a boast of his that no person in the East could fill a pipe so well as his Chiboukdgi, or pipe-bearer. He told us he had been in his youth a great sportsman, and his love of the chase had not abandoned him in his age; he still hunted the gazelles, which abound in those districts, and enjoyed the exhilarating freshness of the mountain breezes. He praised the salubrity of the waters, which flowed in so many directions through his territory—in fact, one thing

that struck us at the entrance into his divan was an Arabic inscription over a fountain, of which the translation is:

> "Drink this pure stream,—for, without question,
> 'Tis excellent for safe digestion."

He said that he looked upon England and Englishmen with particular interest — that gratitude ever mingled with his feelings. He spoke of Smith (Sir Sidney) with strong expressions of regard. I inquired why he had not allowed one of his sons to visit Europe, as his great predecessor (Fezredin) had done, who made in his day no small noise in the world. Perhaps he thought the fate of that remarkable man (who was murdered by one of the Sultans) was no great encouragement to seek for experience among Europeans, for he said, 'Inshallah, we are not likely to go and see you, but you must let us

hear from you whenever you can find an opportunity for writing.'

"When we spoke of the general prosperity of the district over which he ruled, of the noble bearing of the peasantry, of the fine cultivation of the ridges of the mountains, and of the valleys, he said—'God has given me power, and I have sought to use it for the benefit of those around me.'

"To say the truth, nothing could exhibit the outward look of happiness more than the scenes about us. The waterfalls from the hills above, dashing down their clear currents, which make their way into the courts of the palace, feeding the water-courses and supplying the fountains. All sorts of water birds were flapping their wings in the sunshine or revelling in the streams of the fountain showers. Strangers and attendants, in a hundred different costumes, were around

the court, reposing on their carpets, smoking their chiboukhs, or their narghillehs, admiring the tall and graceful columns which supported the roof of the palace, watching the Arab steeds, welcoming new comers, or following with curious inquiry those who departed: for the moment was one of great interest, a portion of the Druses being in a state of insurrection against the government of Ibrahim Pacha.

"We learnt that the Emir Beshir had three sons, and that his eldest son, Emin Emir, had five. If there be any place in the world where is exhibited a generous, princely but unostentatious hospitality, it is in the mountains of Lebanon, in the palace of the Prince of the Druses.

"Are the attendants of the Prince idolators, Papa?" asked Edith.

"I should think a great number of them

must be Catholic Christians, for they were very anxious to take us to their church; and one of them, who spoke a little Italian, whispered to me, 'Siamo figli della Chiesa!' We are sons of the church."

# TREATMENT OF ANIMALS IN THE EAST.

"In Eastern countries are animals eaten which are not used for food in Europe?" was Arthur's inquiry when the family next met.

"Yes! the Arabs eat the young camel, whose flesh somewhat resembles veal; the white gazelle of the desert, but very rarely the red gazelle of the mountains; the porcupine, and the land tortoise, are often seen in the markets of Syria; the locust, which was formerly frequently salted, but now is usually fried in oil—it has not an agreeable flavour, but might well supply the absence

of other food to a hungry person—the large snail, and many other animals. But, generally, the fare of the Orientals is simple, and consists of bread and vegetables, sour milk and curds—while water is the almost universal beverage."

"But is it not disgusting to eat snails and tortoises?" asked Edith.

"Why?" asked Mr Howard. "There is in the world a vast deal of fanciful prejudice on the subject of food; and nothing can be wiser than the Christian maxim, to call 'nothing common or unclean,' but to employ in our repasts whatever is agreeable and nutritious. There are, indeed, examples of a disgusting character. Devotees in the East sometimes make it a point of religious distinction to devour putrid animals; and one Christian monk got great reputation as a devourer of vermin."

"How shocking!" said Edith.

"True!" rejoined Mr Howard; "but this species of religious fanaticism is far less pernicious than that which is the cause of misery of our own fellow-men. Self-inflictions are more pardonable than persecution of others—though both exhibit a sad ignorance of the genuine principles of the Bible."

"I have heard that Mussulmans are very humane to animals," said George.

"They are; and they push their humanity to an excess which is equally annoying to travellers and dangerous to the public health. In the streets of Constantinople, and in almost every town and village in the East, are immense numbers of dogs—who have no masters, but who seem as much owners of the district in which they dwell as the other inhabitants. Nay! so complete is their possession, and so accurate their knowledge,

of long recognized and undisturbed rights, that I have seen a poor hound, that had wandered beyond the limits of his tribe, attacked by a neighbouring band and escorted into his native locality—where the dogs that escorted him were attacked in their turn, repulsed as invaders, and compelled to scamper back to their own territory. A gentleman connected with the police at Constantinople, and who was very desirous of removing the nuisances from the streets—and the dogs with them, who are in themselves nuisances and the causes of other nuisances, for they live mostly on the dead bodies of animals and other putrid substances, and very often attack passengers—told me that the police had not been able to overcome the prejudices of the people so far as to legislate for the dispersion of the race; but, as a step thereto, they were discussing the possibility of separating

the males from the females, and beginning reform by introducing a sort of marriage law for the whole canine community—so that no dog's wedding should take place without licence. It is a great charm in the East to find the wild-fowl so approachable. In the Bosphorus the sea-gulls are often seen swimming tranquilly, so close to the barques that the dripping of the oars falls on their white plumage. Tens of thousands of stormy petrels are constantly seen flying, in everlasting motion, from the Euxine to the Propontis, from the Black to the White Sea (as they are called by the Turks), and they are never molested."

"Is there not some superstition about these birds?" interrupted Arthur.

"They are called by the French '*Ames damnées*,' and are believed, in the Levant, to be souls in purgatory who are condemned

to know no repose, to find no place of rest until the day of judgment. Tens of thousands of these birds are seen passing in rapid flight up and down the Bosphorus from south to north, and north to south; they just touch the water as they hurry by, and, with strong and untired wing, they continue, like the Wandering Jew, in unceasing restlessness. No doubt the fancy which has associated these agitated creatures with the spirits of immortal men has obtained protection for them by giving them a mysterious character of sanctity."

"So ignorance and superstition may have their uses, Papa!" exclaimed Edith.

"There are superstitions growing out of the best affections and tendencies of our nature," said Mr Howard.

"O yes!" said Edith, "I dare say the superstition about the red-breast has saved

many a one from destruction. But tell us more of all the birds in the air and all the fishes in the sea, Papa!" added Edith.

"Of fishes, the most remarkable in the Bosphorus are the porpoises, which approach close to the boats. You know they are the dolphins of fable, and are often seen rising completely out of the water, and seem to live a most joyous life among and upon the waves. It was proposed the other day to establish a porpoise-fishery for the sake of their oil, as they might be captured with great ease in the narrow channels of the Bosphorus, but partly from vague superstition and partly from ignorant miscalculation, permission could not be obtained from the Turkish Government, and the porpoises are still likely to roll about in safety in the Turkish seas. It was, however, rather an odd answer which the Turk gave to the

American who wanted to catch the porpoises —'They cause the smaller fish to come to us.'"

"Ha! ha!" said the children, laughingly. "Do not they live upon the smaller fishes?"

"To be sure!" said Mr Howard.

The children laughed again more loudly than before.

"I thought the locust eaten by John the Baptist was a vegetable, the fruit of the locust tree," said Arthur.

"Some commentators, unacquainted with the East, have supposed so; but nobody could have doubted what the Baptist ate who had been in Palestine, and seen the immense number of locusts on the banks of the Jordan. They sometimes almost darken the air, and destroy all vegetation. I have seen a cloud of locusts settle on a green field, and in a few minutes not a blade of

grass was left standing. In 1835 they committed such terrible ravages that the army of Ibrahim Pacha was employed for their destruction, and they collected together, in a short time, no less than 65,000 ardebs, or 325,000 bushels of dead locusts. Twice I have seen the whole population of a district in motion, making war upon the locusts. Once on Mount Lebanon, when reaching the top of one of its many summits, we observed a large gathering in the valley below. There were the Sheikh and the authorities on horseback, armed cap-a-pee, galloping about in all directions, and multitudes of people—men, women, and children, bearing branches of trees, with which they were beating about the air, and driving the young locusts towards pits which had been prepared for them. Great shouts and noises and clamour of all sorts—every person encouraging the rest to exertion—the whole

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scene looked like the pell-mell of a bloody fray, and our first impression was that there had been an irruption of foreign invaders, or mountain robbers, that the whole population had turned out in self-defence. On another occasion, in the neighbourhood of Beyrout, we were stopped on our journey by large fires and deep excavations in the main road. We saw on an elevated spot some persons in authority giving the word of command to a large body of peasants, who looked like a moving forest. They approached a place where millions of young locusts, scarcely as large as grasshoppers, had covered the earth, which was as black as if a funeral pall had been spread over it. By a general onset they were driven into the flames or swept into the pits; armies were indeed destroyed, but armies escaped—escaped to ravage the country in the coming year."

"But if they are used for food, Papa! may not their presence be as much a good as an evil?"

"They are not so generally nor so much liked now, as to make their presence other than a plague and a scourge; and while better food is accessible they will never be greatly in demand for the table. In Upper Egypt, the peasantry have often brought to me skewers with twenty or thirty live locusts stuck upon them, and wherever it has happened to me to request a dish to be cooked I found the peasant well acquainted with the manner of cooking. I have never seen them introduced at the tables of the opulent."

"But," said Edith, who had more than once sought to be heard while Mr Howard was speaking, "I am glad you have told us about the locusts, but you mentioned that the stormy petrels were as restless as the

Wandering Jew. Now I have heard of the Wandering Jew, but never knew what it meant. Pray tell us something about the Wandering Jew; who was he, and where did he wander?"

"It is an old Oriental legend," said Mr Howard; "the Jew is still wandering over the world, they say, and is doomed to wander without respite or rest till the judgment day."

"And why?" asked Edith.

"The legend says that when Jesus was carrying his cross to Calvary, he stopped at the door of the Wandering Jew, and, wearied with his heavy burden, asked for permission to rest, upon which the Jew insulted and abused him, and answered, 'Move on, move on;' he had hardly uttered the words ere a whirlwind carried him away, and he heard, in a voice of thunder, the words, 'Move on,

move on.' The privilege of dying was taken from him, and he was condemned to wander through the world as long as the world lasts; always weary, always longing for rest, but whenever he stops the whirlwind seizes him, and the horrible words, 'Move on, move on,' are sounded in his ears. The old story is told in a ballad, which is very well known on the Continent, and of which I will read you a translation—

THE WANDERING JEW.

Of all the miseries
That ever mortals knew,
The greatest and the worst
Is of the Wandering Jew.
O! sad and desolate
Is that poor wanderer's fate.

In Brabant, near the town
Of Brussels, as he walked,
Some friendly citizens
With the poor wanderer talked.
There ne'er had passed that way
A beard so long and grey;

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The Wandering Jew

His clothes were bare and torn,
Odd-fashioned, as if he
From distant lands had come—
And come in misery;
And covering him afore
An apron dark he wore.

'Good day!' the people said,
'Stop! tell us whence you come,
Stop! tell us where you go,
Stop! tell us why you roam.
Old man, we wish to know
Why you are wandering so?'

'I cannot stop,' he said—
'I cannot stop; my lot
Is ever to move on;
To move, and tarry not:
I wander night and day—
I cannot, dare not stay.'

'Come with us to the inn,
Old man! and rest you there;
Come and partake with us
A pot of strengthening beer;
We'll welcome you, old man!
As warmly as we can.'

'Fain would I drink with you,
But there's a high command;
I dare not sit and rest,
I am condemned to stand.
Your kindness, courteous men!
I can but thank again.'

'But tell us, ancient man!
For we would fain be told,
How old you are?—in truth
You must be very old;
A century, we should guess,
You surely are not less.'

'Yes, eighteen hundred * years
And more have on me roll'd;
I feel the weight of age,
For I was twelve years old
When Jesus Christ was born;
Mine is an age forlorn.'

'Then, surely history tells
A tale of truth, and you
Must be the very man—
Isaac, the Wandering Jew.

* I have adapted the age to the present time.

Now tell us, tell us true,
*Are* you the Wandering Jew?'

'Yes! Isaac Lequedem,
*That* is my name, I own;
Born in Jerusalem,
The city of renown.
Too true! my friends, too true!
I *am* the Wandering Jew.

The Wandering Jew—I tread,
Wearied, from clime to clime,
I roam round the world—
'Tis now the fifth sad time.
While generations die
I live—O hapless I!

I cross the stormy seas,
The rivers, and the rills,
The wastes, the wilds, the woods,
The mountains and the hills,
The valley and the plain—
'Tis all one restless pain.

I've travelled Europe o'er,
I've been through Asia all,
I've heard the battle roar,
I've seen the warriors fall;

But sabre, shell, or shot,
My misery ended not.

I've seen America,
All Afric's known to me,
I've watched the frightful march
Of man's mortality;
But I can find no ease
From death or plague-disease,

And nought can I possess;
Nor house, nor land, nor gold,
Two pennies in my purse,
And then my all is told.
Wandering from door to door—
So much, but never more.'

'We did not believe the tale,
We thought it was a lie,
As other lies that come
To cheat credulity;
But now we see 'tis true—
Forgive us, Wandering Jew!

But tell us, tell us, what
Your grievous crime could be
So visited by God
With such great misery;

Great surely was the offence,
That brought such recompense.'

'It was my hardihood,
My recklessness and sin—
O mercy! if I could
But wash my conscience clean;
My sin, my shame, is this—
I used my Lord amiss.

I met him with his cross
On Calvary's weary hill;
He said, with gentle smile
(I see him smiling still),
"Here let the Saviour rest—
He's weary and distrest."

But, cold and brutal, I
Said, "Culprit!—No! be gone,
And trouble not my door;
Move on, I say, move on,
Thy presence wearies me,
So off—so off with thee."

He turned on me his eye,
A cloud came o'er his brow,
And answered, with a sigh,
"Thou shalt move on—yes, thou!

A thousand thousand years,
Till judgment day appears."

That very day I left
My home, and from that day
I wander through the world
My weary, weary way;
No rest, no sleep I know—
By day by night 'tis so.

I cannot wait—farewell!
I thank your courtesy,
But while I wait a hell
Of torment presses me;
I cannot sit, nor stay,
But must away, away.' "

The children were much pleased with the ballad, and, while they expressed great horror at the Jew's brutality, they all agreed that the infliction was too severe, and not consistent with His character, who taught us to forgive even our enemies, and who asked pardon, not punishment, for those who persecuted him.

"But the subject is a fine one for poetry," said Mr Howard, "and you shall hear how it has been treated by a true poet, Beranger, though the verses as translated into English are far inferior to the original French:—

One glass of water, Christian true!
To him that's weary—gracious Heaven
Reward thee—I'm the Wandering Jew,
By the eternal whirlwind driven;
By years not worn, but sore opprest,
And longing for the judgment day,
Praying for rest, to find no rest,
Cursing each morn's returning ray.
Ever—ever
Earth revolves, I rest me never—
Ever wandering—ever, ever.

And eighteen centuries now have sped
On the dark wrecks of Rome and Greece;
I have seen the ashes scattered
Of thousand shifting dynasties;
Seen good, unfruitful good, and ill
Prolific, while the tempest roll'd;
Seen two new worlds the circle fill
Which one world occupied of old.
Ever, ever,
Earth revolves—I rest me never.

The ceaseless change is Heaven's decree—
On dying things I fix my heart,
And scarce I love them ardently
Ere the wild whirlwind cries, 'Depart!'
The poor man asks relief—my hand
Is stretched the debt of love to pay—
But ere sweet charity's demand
Is granted, I am whirl'd away—
Ever, ever.

On the soft grass, in flow'rets drest,
Near the fresh stream beneath the tree,
If from my misery I would rest,
The whirlwind howls and summons me.
O why should angry Heaven deny
One moment—one of sweet repose?
For were the grave eternity,
It would not rest me from my woes—
Ever, ever.

Those laughing girls, those sporting boys,
Remind me of mine own at play;
My heart would revel in their joys—
The whirlwind hurries me away.
Ye old, who die, O envy not
My miserable fate forlorn;
For I must tread upon the spot
Where yet shall sleep the child unborn—
Ever, ever.

I seek the venerable walls
  Which in my early youth I knew—
I stop—the eternal whirlwind calls,
  Tyrannic, 'Onwards, onwards, Jew!
Onwards! Exist while all around
  Is perishing; in this thy home—
Where all thy forefathers have found
  A tomb—for thee there is no tomb;'
    Ever, ever.

A cruel smile of scorn and hate
  I at the godlike Jesus threw.
The earth is shaking 'neath my feet,
  The whirlwind drives me on—adieu!
Ye pitiless, O tremble when
  Ye think of me—the wretched me;
God in my fate avenges men
  But not his own divinity—
    Ever, ever.
  Earth revolves, I rest me never—
  Ever wandering—ever, ever.

# VAMPIRES.

"When will you tell us, Papa! some more stories about Fairies or Ghosts, for a little variety, you know, is so pleasing?" said Edith to Mr Howard, as the time for their evening conversation approached.

"Why, we will take the opinion of the majority, Edith!" replied her father. "What says Mamma?"

"O Mamma!" exclaimed one of the boys; "I am sure Mamma will let us support Edith's motion to-day, and Papa will give us something supernatural.

"So be it, children!" said Mrs Howard,

consentingly, "and we will be unanimous in our petitions to Papa."

"Agreed!" responded Mr Howard; "and I think I will give you some account of the Vampires, of which I dare say you have often heard. And no Oriental superstition is more general or more disgusting than the belief in *Chadés*, or Vampires. A dead body will become a Vampire, it is said—if, for the first week after death, it is exposed to the action of the sun's rays; and, if forty days are allowed to pass without the removal of the corpse from such a situation, it is no longer to be found among the dead, but receives its horrible mission to torment and to alarm the living.

"Some of the proceedings of the Vampires are more mischievous than wicked. They pour vinegar into wine, mix honey and meal together, salt with sugar, oil with butter; but

they also beat, and sometimes are said to murder, their old acquaintances. They appear either in the character they had while alive, or assume the shape of an animal, or even wander about invisible upon the earth.

"So little doubt attaches to the existence of Vampires that the Cadi of a district is frequently applied to for an Ihlam, or authority, to enable a *Chadedgi* or *Vampirdgi* (Vampire-hunter) to visit burial-places, to examine graves, and to take any other measures to discover and to defeat the machinations of Vampires. These men profess to be gifted, by means of certain herbs, with the power of tracking a Vampire even when he is invisible to others. They act gratuitously, refusing all recompense; but are bound not to communicate their unknown secrets to any but their hereditary descendants. The opinion generally maintained is, that the Chadedgi are

themselves descended from Vampires on the paternal side; and it is an undoubted fact that, in the districts where the Vampires are most common, the Vampirdgis are to be found in the greatest numbers. The remedy grows with the growth of the evil.

"Having obtained, then, authority from the Cadi, the Vampirdgi sets out on a visit to all the tombs in the neighbourhood, and sometimes undertakes a journey of many leagues. He discovers, by arts unknown, the tomb of the Vampire; and on the following Saturday (for it is only on Saturday that the Vampires are *at home*) the Vampirdgi, the local authorities, and crowds of people hasten to the place, which is surrounded by men on horseback, each with a drawn sabre in his hand. Nobody can tell why there are so many guards—but so it is; and, under the direction of the Vampirdgi, the grave is

opened, and the body is always discovered—the skin peeled off, the muscles fresh and red but swelled, the hair and beard (if it be the corpse of a man) considerably lengthened. There is no disagreeable odour, but the smell is solely that of newly-uncovered earth. (Remember, this is the account given by the people themselves.) The spectators all retire to some distance, while the Chadedgi drives a pointed stake through the heart of the corpse, from whence there is always an emission of blood. The crowd then approach, a funeral pile is prepared, and the body, with the stake, is burnt till they are both wholly consumed—and, the ashes being deposited in the grave, the Vampire can molest his neighbours no more. The proceedings vary somewhat in different parts of the East; those I have described are exactly such as take place in the Turkish provinces on the Danube.

"It is not an uncommon thing for a Governor, at the request of a district, to order the burial-place to be changed, when it is suspected of being favourable to the creation of Vampires. Old Ali Pacha of Jannina issued several such decrees; and I have known instances where the inhabitants of whole villages have left their houses and passed the night in the fields, when it was supposed a Vampire had got into their habitations.

"At Seres, in Macedonia, there was a Vampire which created great disturbance. He often visited the house in which he had dwelt when alive, and amused himself by pelting the persons he found in it with pigeon's dung. One day, when there was a large company, a daring young man bid defiance to the Vampire, told him to show himself, and challenged him to single combat. He

was answered by a shower of pigeon's dung —upon which he drew a pistol from his belt, and fired at the spot whence the shower proceeded; but great was everybody's astonishment when, instead of going directly to the object, the ball stopped in the middle of the room and fell perpendicularly down upon the floor. Immediately quantities of dirt were hurled at the persons who were present, and they were obliged to fly from the place.

"A Vampirdgi was immediately sent for, and he came, accompanied by a crowd of people. Placing himself in the middle of the court, he wrote an inscription on a piece of paper, which he threw into the air, where it continued describing circles for more than a quarter of an hour, when it fell perpendicularly to the ground. The Chadedgi immediately drove a staff, with a sharp iron point, through the paper—and, on lifting it

up, a small frog was seen pierced through by the iron. A fire had been before kindled, and in the midst of the fire he placed the staff, the paper, and the frog—and, when all were consumed, the ashes were collected, taken to the churchyard, and buried; and the village was never afterwards disturbed by the Vampire.

"A district celebrated for its number of Vampires is that of Sari-gueul, in the neighbourhood of Salonica. Any one who likes to visit that part of Macedonia might fill a volume with the stories he could collect. That which I am about to relate was related by the Governor, and verified by the Mufti, of Vodéna, who said that fifteen hundred persons were willing to swear to the truth of the statement.

"In the village of Emboré there died, some years ago, a Greek peasant of the name

of Marco Loutche. He left a widow and two daughters, aged eight and ten years. One evening, about three months after his death, while the woman and her children were employed in spinning flax by lamp-light, Marco appeared. The door had not been opened, and they were naturally alarmed by the presence of a man, whom they at first supposed to be a robber; but their alarm was increased tenfold when they perceived that their visitor was one of the dead—that he was her husband and their father. But he spoke to them in gentle tones—declared he would do them no harm—that his visit was one of affection—and that, with their consent, he proposed to pass every night in their company. He said he should not come empty-handed in future; and, in fact, at his next visit, he brought them each a pair of loose trowsers, such as are worn by Oriental women. Every

evening something was added to their wardrobe, or to their stock of culinary ware and household furniture; while in the village of Emboré, and the neighbouring villages, nothing was heard of but the robberies of garments, chairs, tables, pots and pans—and nobody could discover the thief. Not a word was said by the woman about their growing possessions, for, in fact, the Vampire had menaced them with dreadful vengeance if they ever opened their lips on the subject. In other particulars the conduct of the Vampire was irreprehensible, and he was fond of talking with and caressing the girls. After about a month he had made himself quite at home in the house, where he passed all his nights, but departed at the dawn of day; when his widow, alarmed lest her conduct should be deemed sinful, determined to consult the Papa (Greek priest) of the parish, and to ask his

counsel in so very embarrassing a state of things. The Papa recommended her to be prudent, to avoid any quarrel, but to endeavour to worm out from the Vampire where he passed his time from sunrise to sunset—as it would not be possible to destroy him in the churchyard, he having been dead more than forty days. He even recommended her to welcome him, to speak of him and act towards him with all kindness and affection, and to employ every winning art in order to ascertain where he went when he deserted her in the morning. The widow managed it all with so much dexterity that, after a few days, she was able to communicate to the Priest that her husband passed his days in the decayed trunk of a chestnut-tree—one of seven or eight which grew at a short distance from the village, on the north-east side. A communication was, therefore, made to the

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local authorities, and the usual permission was given. On the following Saturday the people collected, and surrounded the trees; but, as none of them were to appearance hollow, it was necessary to climb them—and on the top of one of the trunks, where it divided itself into branches, a large hole was discovered, and in that hole a dead body, standing erect, exhaling no disagreeable odour whatever. The ceremonies which have been described took place; the tree was cut down and burnt with the corpse.

"A proclamation was issued throughout the district that those who had lost anything should apply to the Turkish Commander, who would restore their property to them. He said that a great many people demanded things they had never lost, and that the most violent disputes took place between the various claimants. But he averred the exact

truth of the facts, and added that the widow declared, before the competent tribunal, that the Vampire was cold as death, and that his touch was perfectly icy."

"Is it not very likely, Papa! that the widow was a receiver of stolen goods, and that, on detection, she invented the story of the Vampire?" said George.

"That may well be," answered Mr Howard; "for I believe, in nine cases out of ten, the belief in Ghosts, Genii, and Vampires is used in the East by clever rogues, as a means of carrying on and of concealing their fraudulent doings."

# MAHOMET ALI.

"PAPA! you have seen much of Mahomet Ali Pacha; will you tell us something about him? Where was he born?" was Arthur's request to Mr Howard when next they all met together.

"He was born at Cavalla in Roumelia," was his father's answer, "and he told me he was the youngest of sixteen children. He was much indulged by his father and mother, and was a great favourite of his brothers and sisters. He once said to me, 'Do not wonder if I am sometimes impatient and want to have my own way. I was never used to contradiction. I have scarcely ever known misfortune. I was

born under a smiling star, and that star has smiled upon me all my life through.' "

" But has not Mahomet Ali committed a great many cruel deeds—did he not invite all the Mamelukes to a festival, and cause them to be murdered?" inquired George.

" And I have heard," added Arthur, " that one of them sprung, with his fine Arab horse, over the battlements of the high citadel of Cairo, and so saved his life."

" What you have heard is true," said Mr Howard, " and all that Mahomet Ali or his friends urge for his justification is that the Mamelukes were plotting against him, and would have destroyed him, had he not destroyed them."

" What is meant by a Mameluke, Papa?" asked Edith.

" A Mameluke, my dear, means a slave. The Mameluke in the East is a white

person who was originally bought by a Turkish master. The Mamelukes come from Circassia and Georgia, the Morea, and other parts of the Ottoman Empire; sometimes they are sold by their parents; sometimes they are taken in war; and there are cases in which they have become voluntary slaves of a Mussulman master. Joseph, when he was sold by his brethren in Syria to the Midianite merchants, was nothing but a Mameluke; and he rose to power in Egypt, under Pharoah, as hundreds have risen who are now in the Pacha's service—commanding his fleets and armies, and occupying the very highest posts about his person and in his Government. A Mameluke slave becomes a part of his master's family, is fed and clothed by him, and frequently gives evidence of extraordinary attachment and devotion. To advance him in life is one of the great

objects of his master's policy. Usually, when a Mameluke slave gets to a marriageable age, a wife is found for him, and he is sometimes established independently of his owner. Of the Egyptians who have been sent to be instructed in Europe, many were purchased in their boyhood by the Pacha and his son. It is seldom they know anything of their parentage, and I have often taken occasion to inquire how far the feelings of affection, which children experience towards their parents, could be transferred to strangers, and to masters."

"Did you ever hear a Mameluke tell the story of his being kidnapped, and of his sufferings, and of what he felt when he was torn from his home?" asked Edith.

"Yes! I once got a Bey, who had acquired distinction in the Pacha's army, to relate to me what he recollected of the

history of his childhood; and what he said was this:—'The earliest thing I can remember is a great mountain, on the side of which were many houses, and at its foot a river, where a lady used to take me to walk. I do not know how old I was; I have forgotten even the language I used to speak; but I remember we were several boys and girls in the house—brothers and sisters, and we used to play together on a green hill. One day I heard that our father had been quarrelling with a relation. I had seen him go out in the morning with his arms, and he never returned again. I have a confused recollection that we were all (my mother, my brothers, and my sisters) carried away by persons whose faces I had never before seen, and we were conveyed to Stamboul. All this has left no stronger impressions on my mind than if I had dreamt it,

so completely have other events erased it from my memory. I know that I am a Circassian, for a few Circassian words are still left in my mind, but of the name of the spot where I was born or that of my family, of even the faces of my brothers and sisters, I have now no idea. Yet I have endeavoured again and again to hear something of my early fate and that of my father; I have described to every Circassian Mameluke I have met with all that I know of my birth-place and my family, and I have listened to their stories in return; and I have often fancied that their mountain was my mountain, their river my river, and their village my village. Had they never heard a story resembling mine? Indeed such stories are so common, they are an every day's tale; there was nothing peculiar in my fate. And then my brother from

whom I was separated as soon as we reached Constantinople; I to be received into a noble family, to be instructed in all the learning of the East, to be taught the profoundest polemics of Islamism, to be pushed forward into the highest seats. But my brother—he must have been older by a year or two than I—his riper memory would fill up the blanks of mine—he would help me, now that I am rich and powerful, to discover, to revisit, and to bless the little village in which we were born. How often has my heart yearned when holding converse with a Circassian Mameluke—how often has it occurred to me, perhaps he, even he, is my brother! Yet never but once, never but once did I feel any light was thrown on my earlier days, and that was in Upper Egypt, where I met with a Circassian Hadji on a pilgrimage to the Holy Cities. With him I talked of

the theme so dear to my heart—to him I described all I knew of my native land, and he exclaimed, 'I know the place, I know it well, but I never heard of your family.' He told me I might be certain he would busy himself about my concerns when he returned from Mekka. He swore by the Prophet that I should hear. I made him repeat his oath by all that is holiest. Not a word have I heard. Perhaps he perished in the desert; perhaps he has never returned to Circassia; perhaps he has returned and has learnt nothing; perhaps, after a lapse of thirty years, there was nothing to learn. I have heard from our Circassian women that people know little of one another in that country—that, busied in perpetual misunderstandings and in petty warfare, every family has too many cares of its own to be occupied with the cares and concerns of

others. Still a voice within me is perpetually crying, 'You will find your brother,—you will return to your native village—you will see again the mountain, the river, and the green hill.' And when the Bey had said this he hung down his head in silence, and raised it in smiles when I said, 'You will yet find your brother!'

"But we have forgotten Mahomet Ali while talking of one of his Beys. I should tell you that Mahomet Ali was forty-six years old before he had learned either to read or to write. This he told me himself. I have heard that he was taught by his favourite wife. But he is fond of reading now; and one day, when I entered his divan unannounced, I found him quite alone, with his spectacles on, reading a Turkish volume, which he was much enjoying, while a considerable pile of books were by his

side. 'It is a pleasant relief,' he said, 'from public business; I was reading some amusing Turkish stories' (probably the Arabian Nights); 'and now let us talk—what have you to tell me?' There is a great deal of sagacity in Mahomet Ali's conversation, particularly when he knows or discovers, as he usually does, the sort of information which his visitor is most able to give. He discourses with engineers, about mechanical improvements—with military men, on the art of war—with sea-officers, on ship-building and naval manœuvres—with travellers, on the countries they have visited—with politicians, on public affairs. He very willingly talks of foreign countries, and princes and statesmen, and is in the habit of mingling in the conversation all sorts of anecdotes about himself and the events connected with his history. His phrases are often poetical, and

he, like most Orientals, frequently introduce proverbs and imagery. I heard him once say, speaking of the agriculture of Egypt, 'When I came to this country I only scratched it with a pin, I have now succeeded in cultivating it with a hoe; but soon I will have a plough passing over the whole land.' You asked me, George, if he were not a cruel Prince? and that he certainly is not, for many a generous deed has he done, and seldom will it be found that the reign of a Turkish sovereign is so little stained with blood."

"We like to hear of acts of clemency," said one of the children; "tell us of Mahomet Ali's."

"When I was at Cairo a number of Levantine merchants had got deeply and, I fear, dishonestly in debt to the Pacha. Pay-

ment had been urged in every possible way, but in vain. At last the Pacha got impatient, for the amount was large (exceeding 100,000*l.* sterling), and he directed them to be seized, sent to the galleys for life, and all their property to be confiscated. It happened that an Englishman of distinction and myself were applied to by their distressed families to intercede with the Pacha, and to implore mercy, less on account of the imprudent debtors than of their numerous families. We urged the excess of punishment, with reference to the offence, falling upon the innocent more heavily than on the guilty. We talked of the gentle quality of mercy—blessing the giver as much as the receiver—and the old man's heart was touched, and he forgave the debtors."

"I have heard you say that Mahomet Ali

is a very interesting person in his own family, now let us all know something of his private character," said Mrs Howard.

"I do not deny," answered Mr Howard, "that I feel a great interest in Mahomet Ali, and the more so because I have had the advantage of seeing him with his children and grandchildren around him, and of talking with him about domestic matters. In the East it is very difficult to learn much about the private concerns of any Turk, and still less of those of men of high station. Mahomet Ali's great pride is Ibrahim Pacha; a victorious leader is always an object of admiration among Mussulmans, and Ibrahim Pacha's career has been one of brilliant military success. His father is fond of talking of his first-born son and intended successor. 'I did not know him,' he said—'I had not an unbounded confidence in him for

many, many years; no, not till his beard was almost as long as my own, and even changing its colour,' said the Pacha to me, 'but now I can thoroughly trust him.' On the part of Ibrahim Pacha, though in rank above his father (for the Pacha of the Holy Cities is the first Pacha of the Ottoman Empire), there is always the utmost deference to Mahomet Ali's will. In the most difficult circumstances of his life he has always referred to his renowned sire for advice, and whenever he has been pressed by the representatives of the great powers of Europe, he has invariably answered, that he should abide by the instructions he received from his father. Of the sons of Mahomet Ali, Toussoun, the second, was long the favourite. He was a Prince of a generous, not to say extravagant disposition; and when, on one occasion, he was reproached by his father for

his prodigality, he answered, 'It may be well for you to be economical, who were not born what you are, but I am the son of Mahomet Ali *Pacha*, and the son of a Pacha must be liberal.' His father smiled, the answer flattered his sense of dignity, and he upbraided Toussoun no more. Not long after Toussoun died of the plague. A third son, Ismail, was murdered by the blacks in Sennar, the hut in which he was being surrounded by brushwood, set on fire, and he perished in the flames."

"Had they no motive—the blacks—had he done nothing to deserve so cruel a fate?" inquired Edith.

"He had invaded their country, and awakened their animosity, and, looking on him as an intruder, they thus satiated their revenge."

"And what happened in consequence?" asked George.

"The Sheikh, or leader, at Shendy, where the deed was committed, was afterwards seized, and all the inhabitants who were supposed to have taken any part in the assassination were put to death."

"How shocking!" exclaimed Edith.

"War, horrible as it everywhere is, in barbarous countries is accompanied by horrors which, happily in our days, and among civilized nations, have been modified, or wholly put an end to. But even now where it rages in the East deeds are frequently done which one cannot think of without shuddering. Vengeance acts with all its ferocity; and to torture as well as to destroy an enemy is deemed the right, as it is the not unfrequent, usage. Mutilations of the most frightful character are still sanctioned and practised. In the ancient monuments of Egypt the arrival of immense quantities of human ears is de-

picted, and, in one of the temples, the King is represented watching the turning over of a large heap of ears, while the scribe is recording their numbers, as they are reported by persons employed in counting them. To this day such inhuman presents are often sent to the Sultan, and welcomed as appropriate gifts. The heads of rebellious chieftains are accompanied by the ears of their obscurer followers, who, in hundreds of cases, have been forced to take part in insurrections from which they willingly would have kept aloof. In the last war with the Druses of the Hauoran, in Syria, the Egyptian prisoners who fell into their hands were sawed in pieces while yet alive. I speak of such things unwillingly, my children; but I have two objects—I wish you to know at what a frightful cost military reputations are often purchased—I wish you to know what war is,

in order that you may hate it, and that, hating war, you may cherish the spirit of peace—seek peace on all occasions—avoid those passions whose unrestrained outbreak leads to such vice and such misery—and especially that you should feel what a privilege, what a blessing it is to have been born Christians, and to have had your lot thrown upon days, and among people, who though they retain somewhat of the warlike barbarisms and tendencies of past ages and distant realms, have, undoubtedly, made no small progress in the career of humanity. And now I will again speak of Mahomet Ali and his family.

"'I have been very happy in my children,' he said to me one day; 'there is not one of them who does not treat me with the utmost deference and respect; except,' he added, laughing outright, 'that little fellow, the last and the least of all, Mahomet Ali.'

"He was then a boy of five or six years old, called by his father's name—the son of his old age—his Benjamin—his best beloved.

"'I see how it is,' I said; 'your Highness spoils the boy. You encourage the little rogue.' Mahomet Ali laughed again—it was an acknowledgment of a little paternal weakness.

"Not long after, I was in the Palace of Shoubra—it was on a Friday, the Mussulman sabbath, when the Pacha is in the habit of receiving all his family.

"I found him in the centre of his Divan. He was surrounded by all his sons and grandsons, who were then residing at Cairo. He had been listening to the accounts of their studies—of their amusements and their employments. Abbas Pacha, the eldest son of Toussoun Pacha, sat next his grandfather, and the rest of the family were seated on

chairs, according to their ranks and ages. After some conversation, Mahomet Ali told his descendants that they might now withdraw. One after another they rose, knelt before him, kissed the hem of his garment, and retired. Little Mahomet Ali came last; he was dressed in military costume, with a small golden-cased scimitar dangling at his side. He advanced towards his father—looked in his face; he saw the accustomed, the involuntary smile; and, when he was about a yard from the Pacha, instead of bending or saluting him, he turned on his heels, and laughingly scampered away, like a young colt.

"'I see how it is,' said I to Mahomet Ali.

"The old man shook his head—looked grave for a moment—another smile passed over his countenance—'Peki, peki!' said he, in a low tone, 'Well, well!' But I

certainly did not like his Highness the worse for what I had just witnessed."

Children like to be talked to about children, and they like especially to have those who are too exalted to be approachable by themselves, brought, as it were, into their presence, and made intelligible to their understandings. "And now, good night!" said Mr Howard; and the young people withdrew, to dream about the great and the little Mahomet Ali.

# MAGICIANS.

As George and Arthur were walking in the garden, one said to the other—"Let us ask Papa if he saw the Magician at Cairo, who, they say, has so often shown absent people to his visitors, and even brought into their company the exact likenesses of the dead!"

"He you mean," answered George, "who, being asked to exhibit Lord Nelson, introduced the image of Lord Nelson dressed like a naval officer, and having lost one of his arms."

"That was indeed very strange. We will inquire of Papa how it can be explained."

And after tea was over, and the tea-

things removed, George said to Mr Howard, "Arthur and I were talking to-day about the Magician of Cairo, of whom we have heard so much, and we determined to ask you whether you had seen him, and whether you can explain how he managed to convince his visitors that he was able to summon the absent and the dead into his presence."

"I believe, my boys," answered Mr Howard, "that the Magician would not have much success if his auditors understood Arabic thoroughly—if they were not themselves credulous—and if the professed sorcerer did not so put his questions as to enable him to elicit the answer he wishes to obtain. I did not see him at Cairo, because he has been so much exposed of late, and his failures have been so repeated, that the interest felt in his imposture has died away. You know he never practises except on young people, and

usually the ignorant and superstitious young Arabs, who are called in from the streets. You remember, after having performed his incantations, he professes to show the reflection of the persons whom it is wished to see in a small quantity of ink, which he pours into the hand of the young person he operates on. I know a case where an intelligent English lad was taken into the presence of the Magician; and, after he had made his preparations, and filled the boy's palm with ink, he asked him whether he saw anything. The boy looked and looked—said, 'No! nothing!' at first; but at last cried out, 'O, yes! O, yes! I see, I see something!' Upon which all the company cried out, in great excitement, 'And what—what do you see?'—'I see,' said the boy—'I see my own nose!'

"Now I believe that the lads who go to

the Magician now, merely see their own noses, or such things as they are led to fancy they see by the leading questions which the Magicians ask. I will tell you a story, however, which I heard from a veracious source, and which will show you what strong credulity may do in deceiving the senses.

"A young Mussulman had visited Mekka while quite a lad, and had obtained in consequence the title of Hadji. He was only twelve years old when he went to the Holy City, in company with his father, and he said he should undoubtedly have died, not so much from fatigue as from a perpetual sorrowing after his mother and sister, whom he passionately loved, had not a pilgrim from Morocco, who turned out to be a Magician, come to his relief. I will tell his story in his own words.

" 'My father and I left Yakova, our native town, for Salonica, on our way to the Holy City. My heart sunk within me at parting with my mother and sister; but the novelty of the journey sometimes turned my thoughts away from objects so inexpressibly dear to me. But in our passage from Salonica to Alexandria, when there was nothing to engage or direct my attention, every hour not passed in sleep—and many, many were my waking hours—was occupied in thinking of those I had left behind. Happily the voyage only lasted six days, and the great cities of Alexandria and Cairo, so unlike anything I had seen, afforded me much amusement and enjoyment, and served for a little time to relieve me from the grief with which my bosom was filled. But, as we travelled to Cosseir, the desire to see my mother and my sister occupied all my mind, so that,

when we reached the Red Sea, I could contain my feelings no longer, but gave way to the bitterest weeping at the thought that another sea was to roll between me and those I so tenderly loved, and so earnestly desired to see. A deep melancholy overcame me, and I fell seriously ill, being unable either to eat, drink or sleep. I had been four days in this state at Cosseir, when my father received the visit of a Morocco pilgrim, whose acquaintance we had made at Cairo, where we had inhabited the same house. Seeing that my father was much out of spirits, he inquired the reason, and was told of my illness, and its cause—which illness was not only in itself a source of affliction, but was likely to prevent our departure in the Djedda vessels, which were to sail in a very few days. The pilgrim at once proposed to undertake my cure, and to show

me my mother and my sister; but, as the allowing a stranger to see a Mahommedan woman is contrary to our laws, my father made many objections, fearing that, if seen by me, they would be seen by the pilgrim also. But his great anxiety about his only son, and his desire to accomplish his pilgrimage, induced him to give his consent. I was taken from my bed, and dressed. The pilgrim lighted a charcoal fire, and directed that I should not open my lips or stretch out my hands to the persons who might appear. My father sat on one side of me, and our servant on the other. The pilgrim took a piece of paper, wrote an inscription on it, and threw it on the burning coals, uttering some words in a low tone; and hardly was the paper consumed ere my mother and my sister appeared in the middle of the chamber, smiling on me most sweetly.

I felt no alarm, but had great difficulty in restraining myself from rushing into their arms. They remained there for several minutes, and not being able to resist, I endeavoured to rush forward, when my father caught me by the waist, and I cried out, 'Mother! mother! speak to me!' and at that moment the vision disappeared. The Magician scowled upon me terribly, and my father gave me a violent cuff on the ear. I should have been in a state of despair, but the Magician promised to repeat the incantation the next day. He was indeed my life; and I entreated him to come and dwell with us, as he only could console or save me. The next day, before he began the ceremonies, he made me swear on the Koran that I would keep still, which I religiously did. My health began to improve.

He allowed me to see my mother and sister twice after, and I became perfectly well."

"The power of superstition," continued Mr Howard, "and the universality of the belief in the presence of Genii, mingling themselves in mortal affairs, may be traced by any inquirer. I will mention a circumstance that occurred to a European gentleman at Janina. He had visited Seid Ahmet Effendi, and pipes and coffee were being brought in, when a violent noise was heard (probably from rats) under the floor. 'What is this?' said the host; when one of the persons present said, laughingly, 'No doubt they are Djins.' Hardly was the word uttered when the servant, who was bringing in the coffee (his name was Islam), let the tray fall—shrieked loudly—threw himself upon the traveller who was the nearest to him of all the guests—and

hid his face under the cushion of the divan. His master broke into a great rage, and the traveller, not being able otherwise to get rid of Islam, gave him a violent blow, which flung him on the floor. When he came to himself his master ordered him to explain his strange conduct; and he said that, when a boy of ten or eleven years old, a woman fell ill in his native village—he was an Albanian—and medical assistance was sought in vain. A Dervish, who was known to exercise authority over the Djins, was called in. None but children can be employed to carry on the intercourse of the Magician with the Genii, and Islam was fixed on for the purpose. The Dervish filled a basin with water, and forced Islam to look into it. He found it grow larger and larger, till it seemed to occupy the space of a great city. Soon it became surrounded with palisades,

and a grated gate was opened, through which he saw hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of Genii pass in human shape, both men and women — the women being beautiful beyond anything he had ever seen, heard or imagined. Then came their Prince, escorted by such multitudes, perpetually increasing, that his brain got dizzy, and he fell down alarmed and exhausted, and was dangerously ill for more than a year. Since then he could never dare to pronounce the word Djin, and he could not hear it uttered by any other person without its producing the effect of which they had just seen an example.

An art professed by some magicians in the East is to stop a ball when discharged from fire-arms, and to secure the person against whom it may be directed from danger. Some time since there was a man

from Tlemecen, in Algiers, who claimed the possession of this secret. I have now, in the hand-writing of a French officer of high rank, the following statement:—'On the 15th of November, 1817, I went with the Algerine to the dwelling of a renegade Italian, who commanded Ali Pacha's horse artillery. I took with me my own pistols, powder and balls, and delivered them to my servant to carry. The Algerine had not touched either arms, ammunition or wadding. He wrote something on a scrap of paper, suspended it on his bosom, and desired me to fire; but, as I thought the experiment rather too serious, I proposed that a horse, dog, sheep, fowl or some other living animal, should be brought. He immediately consented, and a hen, which was running about the court-yard, was seized by my servant, and her legs tied, the Algerine keeping all

the while at a considerable distance. I took the writing from the Algerine, and tied it on myself to the hen's neck. I took her into the house, and, approaching her, fired the pistol. She sprung up—cackled—but the ball had fallen by her side, and she was unhurt. The Italian made a similar experiment with the same results, upon which we released the hen, who joined her companions as if nothing had happened; I keep the ball as a souvenir of this event.' Though I have reason to believe there is much credulity in the character of the Frenchman, I am sure his veracity cannot be called in question.

"Our own countrymen have shown such incredible credulity when speaking of the Egyptian Magicians, that I do not hesitate to transcribe from the MSS. of a French traveller the following narrative:—

"'While in the Levant I made the ac-

quaintance of the celebrated Sheikh, Seid Mohammed Omer Effendi El Cadi El Guechani. He was born at Bagdad, though his usual abode was Damascus. His intercourse with supernatural spirits was notorious, and, after many urgent entreaties on my part, he consented to bring a Djin into my presence, as I had expressed an intense desire to see one of these beings of whom I had heard so much. He gave me a few words on a scrap of paper, and ordered me to repeat them one hundred times, before I went to bed, on three following nights. I did punctually as he directed me, not, however, expecting that anything would come of my obedience. I saw nothing either on the first, second or third night, and went to the Sheikh to inform him that he had not succeeded in his arrangements. He told me that what had been done was only the preliminary step, but that I should see

the Djin, in a human shape, the following night in a vision, after I had followed his instructions. He then wrote a single word upon another piece of paper, told me to repeat it three hundred times before I went to bed, and then to place the paper under my pillow. "You will hear a loud voice," he said, "calling to you on the opposite side to that where the Djin will appear, and it will say, 'Behold the Djin!' and the name which is under your pillow will be repeated." I did as he told me, and fell asleep; I dreamt that I stood in the middle of a vast plain, without houses or trees or mountains; the plain, the houses, the heavens above, were all of a gloomy grey colour. Soon I perceived a being in human form approaching, from the right side, the place where I stood. He was of the middle size, had a thick black beard, a face not thin, but singularly pale, and his

eyes were fixed steadily on me. A long white garment descended from his shoulders to his feet, which it entirely covered, and over this was a long Oriental scarlet robe, open in front. His hand held a staff, which seemed either of ice or of salt. The expression of his eyes was terrible, yet mine were rivetted to his, and I heard an awful voice in my left ear—"I am the Djin!"—repeating the name under my pillow; he then glided slowly and majestically away, not step by step, for his feet moved not, but still he turned towards me, and his glance seemed to penetrate my very soul. He disappeared in the distance, and I awoke.'

"The writer adds, 'I swear on my honour that what I have related is literally and exactly true; I have added nothing—I have omitted nothing. All the incredulity of Eu-

rope will never persuade me that I have not seen what I know I have seen.'

"In March, 1816, the exhibition I am about to describe took place in the town of Napoli de Romania.

"A Jewish boy, of the age of fifteen, who was employed at the custom-house, declared that he was persecuted by a Djin, who haunted him in all directions. All sorts of exorcisms were tried in vain. There was at this time a Magician at Napoli, called Kizitlu Effendi, who had studied the occult sciences at Fez, in Barbary, and he was called upon to practice his art on behalf of the Jewish boy—for Mussulmans, Christians, and Jews, in the East are about equally credulous. A large company of Turks and Jews were assembled to see the Magician exhibit his influence; soon after the boy

entered the room, and the Magician began his conjurations, when the lad was seized with a sudden and violent trembling, and, being asked the cause of his fears, he said he saw a Negro, who looked at him in a most threatening way. Kizitlu Effendi directed the boy to inquire of the Negro in what he had offended him, and why he persecuted him; upon which the Negro answered, that he was a Djin, and that in passing under the window of the boy's house he had committed towards him a very indecent act, drenched him, and that he had determined to be revenged. The Magician intreated the Negro to desist, and to forgive the boy, but he could not succeed; upon which he exhibited all the powers of his art, and by long and elaborate conjurations he forced the Monarch of the Genii (Djine Padisha) to appear. He came with a very

numerous and brilliant attendance, but they were only visible to the young Jew, who carried on the conversation as directed by the Magician. He addressed many compliments to the Prince on his gracious appearance, and having reported the stubbornness of the negro, entreated his Majesty to consent to the cure of the Jewish boy. The Monarch ordered the Negro to be brought in, for he had hurried away on the entrance of his Sovereign, and immediately one of the attendants disappeared, and soon came back accompanied by the Negro. The Negro bent himself to the ground before his Sovereign, but still resolutely persisted in his determination to persecute the boy, upon which the King ordered in the executioner, who severed the Negro's head from his body, and the boy was instantaneously restored to health. He has frequently been examined

by travellers, and persists in the truth of his story. More than thirty persons were present at the above scene, who are unanimous in the belief that everything passed which I have spoken of, and the boy himself undoubtedly believed it, in an excited and diseased state of mind, receiving all the impressions of ignorance and credulity, attributing to supernatural agency consequences which medical art might readily explain, the only real imposter being the Magician, who, by the dexterous management of leading questions, and pictures presented to the boy's mind, soon filled a childish fancy with all the chimeras of his own imagination.

"The Albanians, in the pursuit of hidden treasures, have long been in the habit of using candles made of human fat, stuck upon a curved hazel stick. They say that the candles go out with an explosion whenever the

holder of it approaches any spot where money is concealed.

" But it is not always that the most celebrated of Magicians can exercise authority over the Djins. Mahomet Effendi, the Kiaya of Ali Pacha, was a man of great accomplishments and some philosophical knowledge, but he had not been able to rid himself of the superstitions of his countrymen, and the palace in which he lived in Albania was haunted by Djins. He did, indeed, at one time suspect that the stories told him were tricks of the servants to get possession of the best apartments of the palace, which were abandoned by the family, and not offered to guests of distinction, on account of the disturbances which often were created in them by the Djins. Once he went with his son to ascertain whether the report which had reached him was true, that the Djins were throwing

about the furniture and flinging stones into the principal room. His son preceded him, and had no sooner entered than his turban was snatched off and flung into the Effendi's face. Son and father retreated in no small hurry. He spent large sums in bringing Magicians, Sheikhs, and Dervishes, to exorcise his palace, but the Djins were too well satisfied with their abode to surrender it to anybody. He sent to remote places for men who had the reputation of sorcery. On one occasion he made a bargain with two Magicians, to pay them a large sum if they could free his house from Djins. They were to take up their abode in the apartments where the Djins appeared to have established their head-quarters. The Magicians withdrew after supper in order to commence their exorcisms, but previously to doing this they, as good Mahometans, had

to discharge their devotional duties. In the East people of all religions carry a chaplet, called *Tesbih* in Turkish, on which they write their prayers, and which serves equally for a plaything, ornament, and religious emblem. The usual number of beads is a hundred, as they assist the worshipper in repeating the hundred names of God, to utter which is considered by the Mussulmans as an act of acceptable homage to the Deity. But among the very ostentatious and fanatical Turks, chaplets of five hundred, or even a thousand beads, are sometimes used—betokening, by the multitude of their prayers, the superiority of their piety. The two Magicians had chaplets of this unusual size, intended to give weight to their saintly character. As soon as they entered the chamber of the Djins, they took their chaplets out of their bosoms, when lo! they were suddenly

snatched away; and, somewhat taken by surprise at so unexpected a reception, they determined to defer the exorcisms to the following day, and betook themselves to sleep. Next day, when they came down stairs, their faces and beards were found, unknown to themselves, to have been powdered with quick lime, and in the room are still patches of lime left by the Djins, which the servants say no washing or rubbing will remove. The two Magicians refused to continue their attempt, and departed.

"Another Dervish, for whom Mahomet Effendi built an apartment in the court, so that he might more easily carry on his plans for exorcising the Djins, did so far succeed as to collect them all together in a room, but he had no sooner effected this than they fell upon him, gave him a terrible beating, and one of them attempted to strangle him.

The Dervish rose up, and disturbed the whole house with his clamour and cries, but he was not able to utter a distinct word. Next day he found his speech again, but it was to tell Mahomet Effendi that he would not stay any longer for all the wealth he could offer, and he too hurried away."

"It looks much like a confederacy of the servants," said George.

"It does, indeed," answered Mr Howard.

# INFANT SCHOOLS.

"You promised, dear Papa," said Edith one morning to Mr Howard, "that you would take me to an infant school. When shall it be?"

"This very morning, if Mamma sees no objection, and if your brothers can manage to accompany us——"

"I'll go and see," answered Edith, and, before Mr Howard could finish his sentence, she skipped away as lightly as a water-wag-tail that dances along the side of a river. She found her brothers. "O George! O Arthur! can you go—are you ready?"

"Go where?" said George.—"Ready for

what?" asked Arthur.—"O, Papa says he will take us to the infant school. Come along." So, taking her brothers each by the hand, away they ran together to the parlour.

"Here we all are, Papa; here we are, all ready;" but Edith was a little too eager, and on inquiry Mr Howard found that the morning's lessons had not yet been learnt.

"Duty first, and recompense after," said Mr Howard; and Emily then remembered that she had not waited to hear whether her father meant to impose any conditions on their visiting the infant school.

"You were somewhat hasty, Edith! You were too much in a hurry to go to your brothers before you knew what you were to say to them."

Edith blushed—it was a sufficient confession. "Well, boys!" said Mr Howard, "an hour will suffice for you to get through

your tasks; at half-past nine you will come, and, if your lessons are thoroughly learnt, we will be off to the infant school."

The lessons were learnt, thoroughly and cheerfully, and, at the appointed time, the boys and their sister were again in the parlour, ready to sally forth.

On the way to the school Mr Howard gave them some particulars of the earliest infant schools which had been established, and particularly of that which Mr Owen introduced at New Lanark. He took occasion to speak of the beautiful Clyde scenery adjacent to that busy village, of the fall of Corra Lynn, and the ever changing, ever renewed rainbows, which the sunshine makes out of the scattered foam of the waters, of Balfour of Burley's cave, which he reached by the perilous leap over the frightful chasm, through which the Clyde rolls thunderingly,

and of the various spots made illustrious by the deeds of ancient heroes or the songs and stories of modern bards. "I had often seen solitary children happy," said Mr Howard, "or small groups of children, but I never before saw a whole community of children so happy; I had often seen a single child pleased at being instructed, but I never before saw crowds of children all learning and all delighted with their learning. I had heard a child sing the song taught it by its nurse, but I never before heard a chorus of children singing together in perfect harmony. I had seen children dancing about in the fields, but never before did I see scores of infants dancing in perfect order, and beating with their little feet to measures as regular as art could make them."

They reached the school. The children were singing the Morning Hymn. Did my

young readers ever hear the singing of a well-conducted infant school? If they have not, let them go and listen. "Certainly, Papa, this is sweeter than the music of the Opera. Look at that very small child, how its eye follows the motions of the lips of the one that is next to it. See yon little boy in petticoats marking time with his forefinger, without thinking of what he is about. How many heads move in concert, as it were, with the teacher's. Hark! there's a girl singing out of tune—she has stopped—a look from another girl a little older has corrected her."

"'A little slower,' said the master, giving himself the example, and every voice obeyed the command; 'Now, then, quick,' and they all followed their leader."

"Is it not strange, Papa! that learning so soon, they should learn so well?" inquired George.

"It would be well, perhaps, if we could be taught so early as not to remember in future life when we had been taught. There are few things which have a happier influence than the instruction of children in the musical art. In many of the cantons of Switzerland all young people are taught either to sing or to play on some musical instrument. There is not a village which cannot at all times provide a charming concert. There is no bashfulness, no false shame, when a peasant is asked to sing. In holiday time, when the people meet together, I have observed that music is invariably a part of their pleasures, not listening to a blind fiddler or wandering bagpipe-player, but music in parts—music according to the rules of art. If a party visit a fair, they generally sing both in going and returning, and sing, too, in perfect harmony. Again and again I have

fancied I was listening to people who make music their trade, when I have discovered the sounds came from workpeople leaving their houses for their daily labour, or retiring to their homes when the day's business was over. In a few years, and with proper care, our schools will have introduced a new art and a new enjoyment among the people by making them musical."

At this moment a very little child burst into a violent fit of crying. "This is her first day," said the master; "Mary!" he said, beckoning to a child of about four years old, who, without saying a word, went and led away the crying infant. "Now see what will happen," said the master; "the tears will be soon dried." And so indeed it was, for in a few minutes Mary came in conducting her little charge, who had a smile on her countenance, and who even appeared as happy as

the happiest in the group. "And how has she managed?" asked Edith; "what can she have said or done?"—"I cannot always account myself," said the master, "for the influence that one child possesses over another. Even before they can talk plainly there are certain children in the school who can do more than I can with other children. In a day or two the infant is reconciled to the strangeness or novelty of the place, and to the new faces about it. The scene is one of activity, of enjoyment. The children catch the infection of the general happiness. This school-room, this garden-ground even, becomes delightfully attractive to them. Scores of the children come long before the school hours, and there is great difficulty in getting rid of them when the school hours are over."

Mr Howard went with Edith into the garden; many of the children were playing

about. Edith remarked that fruit was hanging on the trees, and hanging, too, within the reach of the children. "They have been already taught that the fruit is not theirs, and that they have no right to touch it. If the new comers are disposed to pilfer, the older scholars check and control them. The rights of property may often be usefully studied by grown-up people in an infant school."

"I should like to see a lesson given," said Edith. It was not long wanting. A little boy was playing with a ball; there came up another little fellow, who kicked it away, and when he had done so ran after it, took it up, and put it into his pocket. The boy to whom it belonged cried aloud, the master came, and the children gathered round and told him what had happened. He did not lecture the little boy, but went to him

and took his hat off his head. He cried in turn, saying, "*My* hat!"—"*My* ball," said the master. Now, young as he was, he felt the lesson, and then the master, in simple words, explained that the other boy had the same right to *his* ball that he had to his hat, and, by making the case his own, he was able to make a practical application of the golden rule—of doing to others what we would they should do unto us. "All questions of right and wrong," said the master, "are in themselves very simple, and all the art of my teaching the children a sound morality consists in finding the means of presenting to their senses, in some palpable shape, and so of making intelligible to their minds, the point which I desire them to understand.

"And thus," said the master, "I not only teach the children, but the parents of the children. You would be surprised to be told

how many of my little pupils are preceptors in their turn! How many lessons taught in this school go home to the fire-side, to be repeated to fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters."

"That is, indeed, being instructed to some purpose," said Arthur, and his countenance showed how much the conversation instructed him.

"That little boy," said the master, pointing to a child of five years old, "saved his father from a habit of drunkenness. I asked the man, when he told me the circumstance, which he did with tears in his eyes, what the boy had said to him; he answered that he did not know how it was, but he had been coaxed out of his vice, and so cunningly, he said, that he could not be angry with the boy, whose looks were almost as convincing as his words. We have here a little fellow

who reads the newspaper to his parents, and the neighbours come to listen, for he tells them where the countries are and who are the people about which he is reading, and can generally give them a great deal of very useful knowledge."—"And is he not forward and vain?" asked George.—"You shall see," said the master, and he called to a poor little crippled fellow, who blushed at being noticed, and of whom George inquired in what part of the world was Egypt, and what was the capital of the country, and what was the course of the Nile, and what are the names of its two principal branches, and of its two mouths; all of which he was able to answer without embarrassment, and all of which I hope my young readers are able to answer too.

The party were all delighted with their visit, pleased with the teacher and the scho-

lars, and the infant school was often referred to, not only on account of the lessons taught, but of the felicity which it exhibited.

# DJEZZAR PACHA.

"PRAY let us hear, Papa, something more of the Turks and their character; give us some account of somebody who has distinguished himself in the East — some great tyrant, if you like," said Arthur.

"Happily," replied Mr Howard, "even in the East there are no longer examples of that extremely flagitious character which were so common formerly. I will give you some particulars of one of the worst oppressors and most cruel governors of the last generation—the former Pacha of Acre, or Akka, as it is called by the Arabs, and

which, as you perhaps know, is the Ptolemais of the New Testament.

"Djezzar Pacha, whose name, which he conferred upon himself, signifies butcher, was one of the most execrable of modern despots; and yet he had the reputation of being a great warrior, and at Acre I heard a very old man with a long white beard speak of him with affection, and seek to counterbalance the history of his atrocities by recounting deeds of generosity and valour. He murdered men, it is true, by wholesale, in cold blood; but he built a beautiful mosque, an extensive bath, and a delightful fountain for the people. There were no bounds to his savage ferocity; yet his tomb bears a laudatory inscription;—and, though more than a quarter of a century is passed since his death, upon that tomb beautiful fresh flowers are growing, which are daily watched and

watered with as much care as if they grew upon the grave of a beloved parent, and were tended by a grateful child."

"But tell us, Papa, tell us something more of this wicked man," said Arthur: and little Edith asked, "Could he really be so *very* wicked?"

"Yes!" answered Mr Howard, "he was one of those wretched beings who appear now and then in the world, as if to teach us how very wicked a human being may become who lets his evil passions get the upper hand, and who has power enough to exercise these passions without control. Perhaps, even Djezzar Pacha was not quite so bad as he was thought to be. One of his attendants told me that he once murdered one hundred and forty prisoners with his own hand; but what is quite certain is, that, in a fit of jealousy, he drowned all the women of his

harem, and decapitated his Mamelukes in the same day; and I was told on the spot that the number of persons who were destroyed on this occasion was between seventy and eighty. He spared only two persons, and they succeeded him in the Pachalik, and were distinguished for their humanity. In the streets of St John d'Acre mutilated persons are frequently seen. I made there the acquaintance of the son of his secretary, and he told me Djezzar Pacha had cut off his father's nose, and that there were few persons about him who had not been mutilated either by himself or his executioner. You have heard of Nero, that he amused himself by fiddling while Rome was burning; and it was with jokes and jeers that Djezzar Pacha used to issue his horrible orders. He would sometimes lay down on his divan, call

in his executioner, and say:—'Such a man looked at me with an evil eye, he must not do so again; tear his eye out'—and it was done;—'That fellow heard something which he ought to have told me; what is the use of his ears? cut them off'—and the order was obeyed;—'Why did not that Djaour smell out what is doing in the town? slice away his nose;' and he would thus go on laughing and seeing his dreadful commands immediately carried into execution."

"And why did not the people rise and destroy him?" inquired the children. "Did he die a natural death?"

"Yes! and his very last thoughts were thoughts and purposes of cruelty; on his death-bed he ordered a list of sixty persons to be made out for mutilation, among whom was a very rich man, now living, and who

is the Austrian Consul at Saida; but before the shocking decree could be executed the monster died."

"But why are such wicked men ever born, and why are they allowed to live, and to do such abominable things?" inquired Arthur.

"If we think of such men and such actions separately from the whole course of events—if our feelings dwell on them without considering them as a part of the great whole of the arrangements and government of the Divine Being, it is difficult to say why permission has been given to any mortal to create so much misery. But out of all this evil much good may grow. In order that tyranny should be hated and put an end to, tyrants must be allowed to commit their horrid deeds—the mischief they can inflict is only temporary—and may be repaired in

a single generation—the lesson they give is permanent,—and may have a happy influence on all future time. Under the direction of Providence vice may become a cause of virtue,—just as suffering and adversity are instruments of kindness and mercy. We may be certain the storm and the earthquake,—war and pestilence,—disease and death—though we cannot always perceive exactly how—are means of good and proof of goodness; and there is a beautiful expression in the Bible, which implies that whatever is allowed to human wickedness redounds to the praise of God, and that its excesses are restrained—only so much is permitted as is necessary for the guidance of things in the course marked out by our Heavenly Father; but the amount of mischief any one person can

effect is checked and controlled, and kept within bounds by Him."

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"The wrath of man shall praise Thee, and the remainder of wrath Thou shalt restrain."

# MAHOMMEDANISM.

"I AM afraid, Papa! you have often had to witness much want of charity in the East, on account of religious opinions," said George.

"Uncharitableness," said Mr Howard, "is the common growth of ignorance, and is as much the consequence of the absence of general knowledge as of the knowledge of the true character of the Christian religion, whose very essence is charity. But the examples set by dominant sects are too generally those of persecution—the strong will not allow the weak either to think or act for themselves. At Silistria, which you

know is a town on the Turkish or right bank of the Danube, I remember descending into a dark vault, where the Greek Christians were celebrating their religious rites. The Mussulmans would not permit them to worship their God in the light of day, and their intolerance was bitterly and justly complained of. Well! the place was taken possession of by the Russians in their wars with the Turks, in 1829, and the Russians began to erect a large and beautiful Christian temple; and what a lesson to Mahommedan infidels did these Christians give, when they were masters? I should tell you nothing is more sacred to the Mahommedans than the cemeteries of the dead. Thither they habitually resort. There rise their beautiful groves of cypresses—there they plant their family flowers; and the Russians tore up the

Mussulman grave-stones in Silistria, and out of these alone did they construct the vast edifice which was to be dedicated to the Christian's God—the God of love—the God of all mankind; and this—this was the lesson they gave to their Mussulman neighbours. The church is still unfinished: it stands a lasting opprobrium to those who meant to rear it—a monument which will feed for ages the hatred of the Mohammedans towards those who 'have learned Christ'—not in truth—not in charity—but in pride and insult and folly.

"Indeed," said Mr Howard, "all the words or teachings of wise and virtuous men will never effect a reconciliation, or even obtain a patient attention, if such untoward and wicked acts are allowed to be practised by those in authority.

"Europeans too frequently, when they

get into the East, assume the despotic and reckless character of which they see too many examples. Not long ago a Prussian Prince being refused entrance at Jerusalem into the tomb of David, which is considered one of the most sacred places possessed by the Mussulmans, forced his way by actual violence ; and the consequence has been that peaceable Christian travellers have been stoned in the street and exposed to much danger, and the entrance to many interesting spots, which were before accessible to them, is now wholly denied."

"But in spite of all, does not a more tolerant spirit pervade the East ?" asked George.

"Assuredly ; and but for the misconduct of a few, many of the barriers of separation would be broken down, and the minds of Mussulmans be gradually prepared even

for the reception of Christian truth. Mahomet Ali, who has done more than any Turk that ever lived to give development to a more liberal state of things, has for his prime minister an Armenian Christian, Boghos Bey, than whom no man is more attentive to the observance of his religious creed. His accountant-general, Basilius Bey, is a member of the ancient Egyptian Coptic Church. His principal interpreter and secretary is also a Christian, and Christians occupy many of the highest offices of the state. In Damascus, where a few years ago no man could with safety go through the bazaar in a European Christian dress, and where Frank women have been frequently shot at by the fanatics of that holy city, there is now the most complete security, and no one is molested for not being a Mussulman."

"Holy City, Papa!" interrupted Edith; "I thought Mecca and Medina were the Holy Cities of the Mussulmans."

"They are so—but so are also Damascus and Jerusalem; for you know of course that the Mahommedans recognize many of the most distinguished Prophets of the Old and New Testament. I saw at Cairo, in the school of the English missionaries, and with the highest satisfaction, many Mahommedan children. One of them was the son of a servant of mine, and he told me that if the masters took care to avoid speaking ill of *his* Prophet, and his Prophet's followers, he did not object to the course of instruction pursued; that his wife had had some scruples at first, but he had convinced her the boy would only get good at the school; but that if Mahomet were reviled there, he should of course take him away. This will enable you

to judge somewhat of the state of things which is growing up in Egypt, and which, if properly watched and prudently concentrated, will, I have no doubt, bring with it lasting and immense results.

"What are the observances most rigidly attended to by Mahommedans?" asked George.

"Prayer and ablution; but the duty of prayer has not given rise to such discussions as that of washing. The Mussulman prays five times a day, and his manner of praying is formally and unchangeably established. The number of prostrations—the moment, and the mode of prostration—are taught without any variation; and though the devout Mussulman may lengthen his prayer, or employ extemporaneous prayer in addition to those of his ritual, the obligatory prayers of that ritual are defined. But, on the ques-

tion of ablutions, infinite are the differences of opinion, and the discussions among the Ulemas run into every conceivable refinement and absurdity. When the question is what degree of adulteration will produce impurity, you easily suppose what thousands of shades opinions may take. I heard this question agitated at Cairo. "If a cat fall into a well, how far will it render the waters impure?" But then came other questions—Was the cat dead or alive? If dead, how long had it been dead? If dead, how long had it lain in the well? What was the size of the cat? And what the quantity of the water? Was the water wholly pure before? Would any single element of impurity be sufficient to render any quantity of water impure? Would the action of time, and the gushing of the spring at the foot of the well, rid it in time of its impure elements? Might a drop or

more of the water, taken from the well, render pure water impure? Might a vessel be used without offence whose exterior only had touched the water of the well? Would the heat of the water add to or diminish its impurity? If the cat, being alive, had escaped from the well, would the waters continue pure? If, being dead, the cat were carried away by an eagle descending into the well, when would the waters be purified again? Into such frivolities do men fall when religions become more ceremonial than practical, and when the observance of external forms, instead of internal convictions ecting upon conduct, becomes the business and the rule of life.

"The attention of the Mussulmans to the duty of prayer is perhaps that part of their religious service which is most striking. It is not ostentatious, but it is never neglected

by a devout Mussulman. In whatever society he may find himself, he spreads his cloak by his carpet, goes through the various attitudes of prayer, kneels, bends his forehead to the earth, raises his hands, or presses them to his breast, and is perfectly regardless of all that is passing around him. The habit of public prayer is so universal that it never excites a remark. Often and often have I seen the Arab in the desert, the fisherman in his boat, the day labourer in his field, the traveller by the fountain or the river, the shopkeeper in the bazaar, the artizan in his workshop, the minister in his divan, engaged as earnestly as the Ulema in the mosque, in the discharge of this oft-recurring duty—sometimes in silence, sometimes in low accents, sometimes aloud. When a Priest or Mufti is present, it generally

happens that he takes his place in front of the other worshippers, who form a line behind him, follow his movements, and sometimes respond to his ejaculations. In addition to the required prayers, the Mussulman frequently repeats the hundred names of Allah on his beads, which are his constant companions, and which serve alike as a plaything and a religious memento."

"And yet, Papa, do you not think the secret and solitary prayer—the prayer of retirement—more acceptable to God?" asked George.

"All prayer and praise which emanate from a pure and devout heart is no doubt welcomed by Him to whom they are addressed; but one of the most beautiful lessons of the New Testament is this: 'When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and, when

thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father who is in secret, and thy Father, who seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly."

"Are the prayers of the Mussulmans all prayers learnt by heart, or do they sometimes pray extemporaneously?" inquired Arthur.

"Adoration is a more fitting word than prayer for the worship of the Mussulmans. The obligatory forms are repetitions of 'Allah-ou-Akhbar—God, he is most great;' that he is supremely glorious—that praises are due to God, and to God alone. There is one supplication for peace upon the Prophet and his followers, and a declaration of the worshipper, that there is one God alone, and that Mahomet is the Prophet of God. Verses of the Koran are sometimes added to the prayer, particularly a very striking verse at the end of the second chapter, beginning—

'God! no deity is there but God!' and ending with—'He is the exalted—the Great!' which the Mussulmans call 'The Verse of the Throne;' but it is seldom that prayer adapted to particular contingencies or events is employed by them.

# DJINS.

THOUGH the children were interested in the accounts Mr Howard gave them of his travels, yet it was observable, they listened with particular attention to the stories which had in them any of the romance of the East, and particularly where unearthly beings were introduced. "I do so wish Papa would tell us something more about Oriental fairies and strange beings," whispered Edith to Arthur, but loud enough to be overheard by Mr Howard, who smiled upon the little girl, which encouraged her to ask, in a very winning way, "Do you think *you*, dear

Mamma, could persuade Papa?"—"We will try," was Mrs Howard's answer; so, when the happy hour of evening came, Mr Howard took his accustomed seat and began—"So you want some more supernatural stories, do you? Well, then, so be it.

"The proceedings of the Djins, or Oriental genii, resemble in most particulars those of the ghosts in Great Britain. Haunted houses in the East are sometimes abandoned by their owners, and may frequently be obtained at a rent much beneath their fair value. In these houses rattling noises are said to be heard — the clanking of chains — showers of stones fall—the furniture is thrown about—the lights extinguished — the water cisterns emptied—the dishes removed from the table, and other similar derangements take place. It is very usual for the Turks to employ

exorcisers, and even to spend large sums of money, in order to get their houses abandoned by the Djins.

"Very odd stories are told of the freaks of the Djins. At Omer Aga's haunted house at Libokovo (in Epirus) the Djins threw a great quantity of stones among an assembled company. 'Now how kind it would be,' said one of the guests, 'if they would give us roasted chesnuts instead of stones.' Anon a shower of roasted chesnuts, skinned ready for eating, fell into the room, which the persons present, the Cadi among the number, declared to be excellent.

"But a far more remarkable circumstance is said to have occurred in this very house in the first week of August in the year of the Hegira 1223 (A.D. 1808). Omer Aga had invited his friends to dinner, and a number of stones fell upon the table and

among the guests. 'You are always throwing stones,' said Omer Aga; 'why cannot you throw us gold now and then?' Immediately a piece of gold fell on the table, bright as from the Mint. It bore the year of the Hegira 1223; but, instead of the name of the Sultan Selim, then the reigning prince, the name of Sultan Mustapha was inscribed. The coin was sent off to Ali Pacha at Jannina, who expressed his astonishment; but a few days afterwards brought the account of the murder of Selim, and of his having been succeeded by his nephew, the Sultan Mustapha.*

"But the Djins have a great antipathy to those who disbelieve in their existence. Omer Aga had a visiter called Hussein Aga, who,

* I mention the story as I heard it, but there is in it an obvious anachronism. Selim was deposed in 1807, and Mustapha in 1808.

in mounting the staircase, cried out, 'Your Djins! where are your Djins?—they take care to keep out of the way.' Upon which he got so violent a slap on the face from an invisible hand that his turban rolled down to the foot of the stairs, and he was flung against the bannisters, and so frightened that he was conveyed home and kept his bed for more than a fortnight.

"One hears more instances of their odd humours than of their malignity. They pull people out of bed—blow out their candles, leaving them in the dark—knock glasses out of the hands of those who are drinking—take off men's turbans—and, in fact, play the tricks of schoolboys or spoiled children.

"The house of Boushenak Mahmoud Pacha, the ex-Governor of Lepanto, was said to be haunted by a negro giant, whom the servants declared they had often seen. But as most

of those servants were Bosniacks—less credulous and more courageous than Orientals generally—the presence of the intruder did not cause much disturbance in the house. One night, however, when everybody else was asleep, a Greek saraïdar (servant of all work), called Nicolo, disturbed the whole family by loud cries for help. The Pacha himself and all the servants rose, ran into the Greek's chamber, who was almost dead with fright, and said an enormous negro woman, with a menacing look, had entered his chamber, jumped upon his body, and, seizing him by the throat, had attempted to strangle him—but, alarmed at his cries (as he supposed), had disappeared, saying, 'To-morrow shalt thou see me again!' Everything was done to console and to encourage him, and he entreated he might not be left alone. Up to that moment he had been in perfect health.

The next day several of his fellow servants entered his room. He was rising to meet them, when he suddenly screamed out 'The Negress!' and fell down dead.

"This was, of course, a case of night-mare, acting upon a very weak and superstitious person.

"I heard a curious case of possession by a Djin, in which the subject was a Mussulman girl of fourteen. She was sitting in the corridor of the harem, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when a negro appeared and menaced her with a lance, which he shook at her. The fright prevented her from crying out; but after a few minutes the black disappeared, and a European stood in his place, holding in his hand a glass of water, which he directed her to drink. The girl thought they were both ordinary mortal men, and cried out that a man had made his way into

the harem. All the women of the harem rushed in veiled, and the girl called out several times—'Look! look! he wants to force me with his spear to drink the water.' But the women could see nothing; they encouraged, however, the girl to refuse the water, which she did very stoutly—though the European continued to urge her for a quarter of an hour, and then struck her several blows with the lance, which left severe contusions—after which he disappeared; but at six o'clock in the same afternoon she felt herself possessed, and the white spirit said he had entered into her in order to shut out the black one.

"The following conversation took place between this girl and a gentleman who was allowed to converse with her.

"*Q.* 'Who art thou?'—*A.* 'A Djin, not of the human race.'

" ' Thy name ?'—' Abduliliaz.'

" ' Where wert thou before thou enteredst this woman ?'—' Here.'

" ' How old art thou ?'—' That is beyond thy poor conception.'

" ' Where are thy companions ?'—' It matters not to thee.'

" ' What becomes of the soul of man after death ?'—' After death thou wilt know !'

" ' Are the planets inhabited ?'—' Go and see, if thou canst !'

" ' Hast thou seen them ?'—' That is no business of thine !'

" ' Art thou a creature of God ?'—' Dost thou think God has created nothing nobler than things like thee ?'

" ' Hast thou any religion ?'—' Assuredly !'

" ' Tell me what it teaches ?'—' 'Tis no concern of thine !'

" ' Is your race immortal ?'—' No !'

" ' Are you male and female ?'—' Yes !'

" ' Have you parents and children ?' — ' Impudent and foolish inquirer !'

" ' Where dwells the Supreme Being ?'— ' I know not.'

" ' Is there more than one sort of spirits (Roukhanis) ?' — ' Ay ! more than human arithmetic can reckon !'

" ' Of what class art thou ?'—' One of the least perfect, and the most resembling man.'

" ' What is your external form ?'—' We have no form that can be conceived of by a narrow mind like thine !'

" ' How, then, didst thou take a human shape ?'—' Thou couldst not understand me, and 'tis not thy business to know.'

" ' Dost thou eat or drink ?'—' It concerns thee not.'

" ' Is there a distinction of rank and power

among you?'—'Of power? Yes! But what hast thou, foolish creature! to do with that?'

"'Why dost thou insult me?'—'Thy questions are insults.'

"'Then don't answer.'—'I have my reasons for answering.'

"'Tell me what they are?'—'They do not concern thee.'

"'Canst thou look into futurity?'—'That is the attribute of the Creator.'

"'Canst thou read the thoughts of man?'—'Sometimes.'

"'What means sometimes?'—'I neither can nor will I tell thee.'

"'Art thou acquainted with what we call mathematics?'—'I know the science of numbers better than you or all your teachers.'

"'Dost thou know the quadrature of the circle?'—'Yes!'

"'Explain it to me, I beseech thee?'—'I will not!'

"'Why?'—'Because thou weariest me.'

"'Dost thou know the physical sciences?'—'Better than men do; yet I am but ignorant.'

"'What gives its influence to the magnet and the magnetized steel?'—'Thou wilt learn this after death! know that I was not sent here to teach thee.'

"'Yet I would willingly learn some truths from thee?'—'The truth of truths is God!'

"'I knew that before!'—'Then thou knowest enough.'

"'But I would fain know more of God, and of God's works, to adore him more devoutly; surely it would be a merit in thee to instruct me in this!'—'Thou knowest enough for man to know. After death thou wilt know more; and as to the merit of in-

structing one of thy despicable dying race, *that* would be small indeed.'

" ' Why is our race despicable ?'—' Study that in your books of morality.'

" ' Hast thou read our books ?'—' Never !'

" ' How then dost thou know their contents ?'—' How ? that is above thy comprehension. I am a Djin—thou art but a man.'

" ' Where dwells thy race ?'—' Enough ! I will answer no more.'

" Not another word could be obtained. The questioner made several attempts, and so did divers other persons who were present, but the girl kept an unbroken silence. A Sheikh was called in to exorcise the girl, but he failed. A few days afterwards she said that the Djin had told her he meant to abandon her, and he did so—she declaring herself quite well and happy.

"These facts are interesting, for they serve to show how completely the popular belief of the Jews, as to the possession by evil spirits, which is so often referred to in the New Testament, still maintains itself in Oriental countries.

"Djins are supposed often to take the shape of huge negroes. In 1814 a number of persons, in the service of Weli Pacha, were travelling on horseback from Tirnova to Larissa; among them was a Greek secretary, whose horse, when they had performed about half their journey, suddenly bolted, and the rider shrieked aloud, bending himself forward over the horse's neck as if to escape from a blow levelled at his head, and he remained for some time stupified and speechless. His companions inquired into the cause, and he told them that he had seen a gigantic negro ap-

proach with a naked sword in his hand, with which he had aimed a blow at him to sever his head from his body. They all considered the matter as a joke, and laughed at the credulity of the secretary. When the same party was returning to Larissa, near the same spot, the horse again started, the Greek secretary uttered a loud scream and fell lifeless on the ground. Three European Christians were mentioned to me as having been present.

"To the Djins the Orientals attribute half the calamities of life. If you ask a blind man the cause of his misfortunes, he will very likely attribute it to the malignity of a Djin; if he fall from a ladder and break a limb, he will often fancy it was a Djin that threw him down. If he lose his way, he will tell you it was a Djin that led him

astray. If he enter into an unfortunate speculation, it was a Djin that suggested it in his waking or his sleeping dreams. In nine cases out of ten superstition and credulity bring consolation to the people of the Levant. As in the greater events of life they perceive the hand of inevitable destiny, and, therefore, accommodate themselves patiently and piously to the decrees of Heaven, so, in less important matters, they like to think that it is not by their own imprudence or fault that life's lighter calamities visit them. The interference of supernatural beings explain all difficulties. 'How could I have prevented it?' is the question they put to themselves, and as both their own self-love and the opinions of their neighbour answer—'You could not!' resignation is easily practised.

"And now," said Mr Howard, "you must be almost tired with these stories of the Genii of the East."

"O no! no! no!" exclaimed the young people, "some other day, Papa, you must tell us some more."

# SINCERITY WITH PRUDENCE.

At the next family meeting the conversation turned on the great varieties of human character which are found, not only in the inhabitants of regions remote from one another, but even among those born under the same form of government, speaking the same language, and educated under the same system.

"It would be difficult," observed Mr Howard, "to say whether wisdom and goodness are exhibited most in those points in which men resemble, or in which they differ from one another. Out of their resemblance their sympathies grow, and yet, if the resemblance were so complete as to prevent

persons from being easily distinguished, what confusion and embarrassment there would be in the world!

"I am often amused," continued Mr Howard, "at the different and contrasted views men take of the same objects. Society would be very dull if the same thoughts occurred to every mind alike on the same occasion!"

Mr Howard liked to throw out remarks such as this, in order to give his children the opportunity of applying them to subjects which had occupied their attention.

"I have just been reading a curious instance in point," said George.

"Let us hear it, then; your repeating it will impress it on your memory."

"The Spanish Ambassador, on his introduction to Henry the IVth of France, said he was very anxious to ascertain the cha-

racteristic qualities of his ministers. 'You shall judge of them yourself,' said the King. He first called Sillery, his Chancellor, and said—'Mr Chancellor, there's a beam loose in the palace above my head; I am afraid it will fall and injure me.'—'We will send for the architect, Sire, and have the repairs attended to.' He called in next Villeroi, the minister of war, who answered, 'It is most true, Sire, and it is a very fearful thing.' The third minister was the President Jeannin, and he responded, 'I don't understand you, Sire; if I am not blind, the beam is sound and steady. You may sleep in peace, the roof will last longer than any of us.' When they were gone, the King said to the Ambassador, 'Have you learnt their characters? The Chancellor does not know his own meaning. Villeroi never contradicts me, but echoes

back what he fancies is my opinion. Jeannin thinks like a wise man, and speaks like an honest one.'

"Very much to the purpose," said Mr Howard, "and a lesson, too, on the value of sincerity. In the presence of superiors men frequently get into the habit of shaping their expressions to the supposed opinions of those superiors. It is natural enough, as 'like loves like,' according to an old phrase, that a similarity of sentiment should be acceptable. And yet different, and even opposed, opinions may be so expressed as to give no pain whatever. The true art of conversation is to blend sincerity with courtesy, never to sacrifice truth, but to wound as little as possible the self-love of others. There is much in manner—there is much in tone. Jeannin's speech was not wanting in respect, or it would not have excited, as it did, the

applause of the king; it is an instructive example of courteous frankness, and sincerity too. Now I will show you, in a description of two persons whom I know very well, the contrast between the frankness that takes a courteous and that which takes an uncourteous form.

"Mr Sharp is a man of considerable ability. He was admirably educated, and by continuing to read the best books that are written, and by mingling with the best society of his neighbourhood, he never talks but to give information, and it is impossible to consult him on any topic without being benefited by the information he communicates, and he is really, and at heart, a kind and benevolent man. He gives his money liberally to all good purposes; he will take much trouble to oblige, and is honest in all his intentions, and upright in all

his conduct. But he has manners so repulsive, his forms of expression have so much acerbity, he seems so bent on appearing ungracious, that his good qualities have not half the influence, nor do they produce a hundredth part of the happiness, they might be expected to do. He does the most agreeable things disagreeably, and if a disagreeable thing is to be done by him, he makes it tenfold worse by the tone and manner which he assumes. I have heard poor people say, they had rather have Mr Goodman's refusal than Mr Sharp's consent—they had rather fail with Mr Goodman than succeed with Mr Sharp.

"Mr Goodman is Mr Sharp's friend and neighbour. With less talent, and far less instruction than Mr Sharp, he has ten times his influence; everything he says he says so graciously and kindly, everything

he does is so characterized by a regard to the feelings of others, that he is an object of universal affection to those around him. His experience of the world has enabled him to appreciate the true excellences of Mr Sharp's character, to pass charitably over the harshness of his manners, and to avail himself of the soundness of his mind. In this way he really uses Mr Sharp's influence as well as his own, for their intimacy leads to a constant communion between them. Mr Goodman tolerates, and passes by unnoticed, expressions such as those which have created for Mr Sharp a host of enemies. Mr Sharp is known by the title of *the disagreeable man.* Whenever he speaks there is a disposition to dislike him; truth itself from his lips loses half its value, and beneficence itself half its recommendation. I recollect a case in point.

"A cottage belonging to a poor man had been destroyed by fire, owing to the poor man's imprudence. He had fallen asleep, having in his mouth a lighted pipe, which fell and ignited a bundle of straw that was near him, so that he had some difficulty in escaping and enabling his wife to escape. The next morning Mr Sharp called, with the purpose really of relieving and assisting the poor man. A lecture on imprudence might have been a proper thing at a proper time, but at a moment when the poor man had received so terrible a lesson, and when he was reduced to destitution by his own fault, it was not kind nor thoughtful in Mr Sharp to speak reproachfully to the sufferers. But his first words were, 'Thomas! you careless fellow!' upon which Thomas, whose heart was big enough to burst before,

replied, 'O, sir!' and, wringing his hands, ran away from the scene of his calamities. It was, in fact, more than he could bear, and his poor wife, overwhelmed with their common misery, and thinking how needless it was to add to it by any reproaches, said, in tones loud enough to be heard, 'Hard-hearted man!' Now, though Mr Sharp was really a charitable man, and had come to the cottagers for the purpose of serving them, his pride took offence at conduct and expressions which he thought insulting to him, and he walked morosely, though not angrily, away.

"Thomas returned to the ruins of his cottage, which Mr Sharp had left. 'I have offended him,' he said to his wife. 'I have done so ten times more,' she answered, 'for I could not *bear* his unkindness. It was enough to lose our all, it was enough to

have no bed to rest upon, no roof to rest under; but *why* did he abuse us?' The poor, my children, have their pride as well as the rich, and it sometimes breaks forth most violently in the moments of their utter destitution. Thomas and his wife shed bitter tears, each repeating to the other, 'He needed not have added to our misery.'

"There were many persons grouped round the cottages. They had heard Mr Sharp's words, and had seen him walk away. A loud murmur followed him, a low groan of reprobation. And yet, as I told you, he came with the kindest of intentions. The infirmity of temper thwarted them all. One hasty word, one little incident, turned the whole current of his friendly thought, and condemned him to the severest judgment of the standers by.

"And yet Mr Sharp was fond of popular

applause, but his failings often subjected him, as in this instance, to popular reprobation.

"Mr Goodman happened to pass by soon after. He did not come with any purpose of helping the sufferers from the fire, but he saw many people collected, and he heard his friend, Mr Sharp, spoken of in most opprobrious terms. He knew they were undeserved. In fact, as always happens, what had passed had been terribly exaggerated. Mr Sharp was accused of all sorts of inhumanity, and it seemed as if every one were occupied in choosing the worst words of reproach to which their lips could give utterance.

"'What does all this mean?' asked Mr Goodman, and a hundred answers told him of Mr Sharp's cruelty to the cottagers. 'Now this is impossible,' said he to the crowd, 'Mr Sharp is an excellent and most

humane man, sometimes a little harsh in his manner of speaking, but always endeavouring and intending to do right; I am sure he never meant any unkindness.' But all Mr Goodman's words were wasted. 'You judge others by yourself,' the people answered; but they continued towards Mr Sharp their sentence of condemnation, and all appeals, all reasonings were in vain.

"Mr Sharp suffered so much in the public opinion from this incident, that he lost a very honourable public situation to which he had been called by his fellow citizens, and for which, in truth, he was admirably fitted by talent and study.

"But was he not most hardly used?" inquired Arthur.—"Indeed he was," replied Mr Howard; "but I have narrated the circumstance to you in order that you may see what annoying consequences may grow out

of a small defect. I told you that Mr Sharp was ambitious; he got the fame of being disagreeable, and I am sorry to say he is now *an unhappy man.*"

# TREASURE SEEKING
## IN THE LEVANT.

"But when are we to have some more stories about the credulity of the Orientals?" inquired Arthur, when the lessons were done, and the happy family circle gathered again together. "Cannot you remember some other story to tell us, dear Papa?"

"Stories enough," answered Mr Howard; "so many, that it is difficult to choose between them.

"I told you the belief in ghosts is almost universal in the treasure-seeking East, even among the Christian Levantine population, and there is scarcely one who has not some

tale to tell of his own knowledge and experience, which to doubt or dispute would be deemed, and perhaps resented as, an insult. I will give an example in the words of the narrator, a Ragusan Captain, well known in the East.

"'I am in the habit of trading with Alexandria, in Egypt. Some time ago I knew a Jewish tailor there, who spoke Italian tolerably well, and frequently acted as my interpreter, so that we became friends on account of the services he rendered me. But, on arriving at Alexandria, after one of my voyages, I sought in vain for my Hebrew acquaintance, and was told he was settled at Canea, in Candia. It happened, some time after this, that I had a cargo for that port, and I inquired about the fate and fortunes of my friend. His Jewish brethren told me that he and all his family were re-

duced to extreme poverty, and that their misery had been heightened by a stroke of the palsy, with which the poor man had been attacked. I sought his abode, and found him a wretched cripple, having lost the use of all his limbs, though his senses continued perfect. His wife and his two sons, of the ages of fourteen and fifteen, exhibited the same marks of having been smitten by the palsy, and his only daughter, of seven years old, had alone escaped the general misery. A poor old Jewess was paid by the Jewish community of Canea for serving this unhappy family. I inquired what had happened to him since he left Egypt, and I heard from his own lips as follows:—

"'I left Alexandria in the hope of bettering my condition, and when I had settled here some of my brethren told me that I had been most lucky in the choice of my

house, for it was well known there was treasure hidden under the staircase. I was only a tenant, so I got together all my means, made a liberal offer for its purchase to the Turk who was its owner, which he accepted. Myself, my wife, and sons, then set diligently about removing the earth under the staircase. After digging down some feet, we discovered a large black slab-stone, which we raised with incredible toil and trouble, and, at a short distance beneath it, we perceived the lid of a chest; but, as we approached it, it began to descend, and descended deeper and deeper as we dug. I called out to my eldest son to get ropes and poles, so that we might be able to seize and to lift the chest—and from the moment that the lad went in search of them the chest remained stationary, and sunk no more; but, as it was a little below the surface of the ground,

we could not get hold of it. My son arrived with the poles and the ropes, and we began to dig holes by the sides of the chest in order that we might pass the ropes under it, and so raise it up; but we had scarcely commenced operations ere the chest sunk down again, and all our efforts were vain. I grew red and mad with rage, and swore that neither ghost nor devil should deprive me of the treasure. My wife and children repeated my exclamations, and we set to work with greater ardour than before, when lo! the chest sunk down with a dreadful crash, and a hideous monster, in the shape of a huge toad, looked out of the hole. What happened next I know not, but we were all found the next morning palsy-struck, and in the state in which you now see us.' Here the Jew finished his narrative, and I gave him some money for his imme-

diate wants; but, being somewhat incredulous, I asked him if he would allow me to visit the place, and to try my own fortune there. At first he resisted violently, but I succeeded in obtaining his consent. I went on board my ship, and landed again, accompanied by four of my best sailors. Having brought a strong windlass on shore, we began to dig under the staircase at one o'clock in the afternoon. When we had dug about three feet down, we perceived a black flag-stone, which we raised, after very great exertions, and digging lower down we perceived the cover of the chest, in the very centre of which was a large ring, to which we fastened a stout rope without any opposition or difficulty. In a transport of delight one of the sailors exclaimed—"Now, by St Anthony! it shan't escape;" upon which the windlass was shivered to pieces, the chest

fell down with a frightful noise; it was as if immense masses of broken iron, pottery, and tin ware, had fallen into a deep well. A noisome stench burst forth, and we were all of us glad to scamper away as fast as our fright would let us.' "

# ABU ABDALLAH.

## COURAGE UNDER CALAMITY.

"Some of the events connected with the presence of the Moorish conquerors in Spain," was an observation made by Mr Howard to the children, "are of the most pathetic that have been recorded by history."—"Pray, Papa," said George, "tell us something of those people who, as you told us, have written hundreds and hundreds of volumes, and improved the agriculture and advanced the instruction of the people they conquered, and left permanent traces of their wisdom on the soil of Spain."

"I will read to you," answered Mr

Howard, "a little historical sketch of an event—the final event in the Moorish history of Spain." And Mr Howard, opening his desk, drew forth a paper, and read as follows:—

"If beings superior to man had been charged to construct a glorious stage for the exhibition of some great event, in which nations should be the actors, and divinities the spectators, they would have spread out the Vega, or Garden of Granada, and have surrounded it with mountains like those which overlook that magnificent plain. There it is no fiction to say that the fruits of the north and of the south are blended, and the flowers of different regions flourish in the same soil. The cold freshness of winter comes down from the snowy tops of the Sierra to temper the hot winds wafted over from the African continent.

"It would not be easy for the imagination to add one additional charm to the romantic attraction of the Granadian scenery. Towering over the rest, the central points of beauty and sublimity, rises the Snowy Mountain (Sierra Nevada), around which are gathered other mountains, rugged and broken, but gradually declining in height, till the undulation scarcely rises above the surface of the Mediterranean Sea. The base of the Sierra Nevada is not less than sixty miles wide, and its two most prominent coronals, Veleta and Muley Hacem, are 12,000 feet higher than the ocean level. Wild and barren as is the appearance of the Sierra from the distance, it has numberless verdant and picturesque recesses, in which churches and convents, and villages and cottages, are scattered profusely. The district called the Alpujarras, sacred to Arabic song, the scene

of so much wild romance, and which, even in the present day, so often echoes with the sounds of the pipe and tabor, and the voice of the minstrel, is composed of the various elevations of hill and valley which lie between the Snowy Mountain and the Mediterranean, down to which a majestic range of hilly heights extends, ending in that promontory so well known to mariners as the Cape de Gat. On every side the Sierra Nevada puts forth its gigantic arms. To the west, branches out the Tegea, overlooking the Moorish cities of Alhama and Velez Malaga, and crowned, like its proud superior, with a diadem of everlasting snow. To the north are the Parapanda and the Elvira mountains, each standing alone and unsupported, looking down in their solitudes on that vast amphitheatre where Granada appears in its ruined glories. A little further east is the

renowned Alfacar, the *fluentium aquarum*, whose water-sources pour refreshment over a wide extent of fertility, and feed that delicious fountain, hidden in one of the mountain dells, whose surrounding prospects have been in all times the pride and the boast of Moors and Christians. The Vega, or garden in which Granada is built, requires more than a day's journey to traverse. It is watered by the river Genil, which has its origin in the snow streams at the foot of one of the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, and rolls down, in wild and wandering way, through the broken and tortuous channel it has made among the precipices. It rushes passionately and precipitately down to the plains of Granada, and then proceeds onwards in calm and quiet dignity, lingering, as it were, among the green scenery, till the mountains of Loja oppose its progress, when it rages

anew, forces at last its unobstructed course to the wondrous Sevilla, and weds itself with the Quadalquivir, its equal in strength and grandeur. The Genil is the stream which the poets have called divine, a title which Cervantes has confirmed in his renowned romance. The idea of its divinity, say old chronicles, originated in its *high descent.* The Gods have been always fabled to inhabit exalted abodes, and to associate with them rivers rolling down from inaccessible elevations was but a natural and pardonable fancy.

"Abu Abdallah, the last of the Moorish monarchs of Granada, lingered on the spot which, since the day of his exile, has borne the name of *El suspiro del Moro* (The Moor's sigh). Tradition has preserved the details of the affecting scene, and, even as recorded by the dull though erudite Conde,

in his History of the Arabs in Spain, it is one of the most pathetic passages with which I am acquainted. The yellow flag of Iberia was floating on the towers of the Alhambra—Abdallah heard the shouts of joy and gratulation which welcomed the Christian conquerors—he was almost deserted, and those who remained taunted him with his misfortunes—his favourite wife shouted '*Ya Kasil!*' (Coward!) in his ear, and his few followers talked loudly of the glories of his forefathers. 'It is generous,' he said, 'to wound the wounded. *Allah huabar!* (Blessed be Allah!') he added, and passed onward towards the Alpujarras in peace. Once again, from the Padul hill, Abdallah looked back on the city, on the palace, and the quiet stream; it was his last look, and terribly did he struggle with his sorrow—he subdued it—he shed no tear—one sigh alone broke

from him, it was loud and deep, and those who heard it called the spot 'The Moor's Sigh,' a name by which it is still known, as the story is known to the meanest peasant of Andalusia.

"Among the Moorish attendants of Abu Abdallah there was one whose appearance particularly distinguished him from the rest. He uttered no one word either of sorrow or of consolation; he joined not in the reproaches of the revilers, and nothing broke his silence but a sigh, which responded to that of his master—a sigh which shook his frame. He covered his eyes as if ashamed of his weakness, but it was to wipe away a tear. He seemed strengthened by the triumph over his own feelings, and walked onward, the firmest and the first among the melancholy crowd. His name was Abdil.

"Abdallah looked upon him with an ex-

pression of tenderness that completed the influence which the misfortunes of the sovereign had made upon the heart of the subject.

"Abdallah entreated the rest of his followers to tarry, promising that he would soon rejoin them. He had beckoned to Abdil, who bowed his head, betokening his humble obedience, and together they turned away into a bye path on the Padul hill.

"On one of the green spots where the tracks of the wild goats are lost, Abdallah seated himself, while Abdil stood silent at his side.

"'Seat thyself near me,' said the dethroned monarch, 'and let us talk together of our evil destiny.'

"'Allah huabar!' was Abdil's reply; 'our destiny is in Allah's hands, and he knoweth what is best.'

"Let us talk of our miseries, Abdil. We shall bear them the easier when we see how mighty they are. To bear them is worthy of a courageous spirit, and the more intolerable they appear the nobler will be the effort which instructs us to submit to them with magnanimity.'

"'Noble teaching, and still nobler teacher,' said Abdil, 'hitherto calamity has taught me the weakness, and not the strength, of mortal nature. It has opened to me hidden frailties, and unveiled the infirmity of resolution, and the poverty and helplessness of courageous desire.'

"'Of what value is courage,' said the monarch, 'if it fail when it is most needed. There is little valour in following him who flees. The bravery of conquest may or may not be acceptable in Allah's holy eye; but if the conquered shrink, and bend, and break

beneath the burthen of calamity, can he hope for respect or confidence—can he be worthy of a better fate in better days? Will Allah change the doom of the creature he must contemn, or look with anything but scorn on the man who takes from adversity its sole title to honour, which is to bear oneself proudly while smarting beneath its discipline.'

"'Thou at least, King Abdallah, art entitled to the honour, as thou art supported by the strength, of virtue; for what heavier griefs were ever flung upon one of the faithful than upon thee!'

"'They might have been far, far more intolerable. I have thy friendship, Abdil! thy fidelity; I might have been a lonely mourner, with none to hear me, none to console me, none to advise with me, none to love me.'

" ' Small, King Abdallah, is the tribute, and poor the comfort, which can be offered by a solitary follower to him who had the affection of tens of thousands. His words cannot find a shelter for that royal head, so lately o'ercanopied by splendid palace roof, nor make the contrast tolerable between this wild solitude and the million glories of the Alhambra.'

" ' Abdil, the devotion of *one* whose devotion has stood the test of adversity is of nobler praise and price than the countless and clamorous asseverations of those who crowd around the footsteps of a throne. I have learnt to estimate the value of lip-homage. The blast of winter shook me from the tree, and I lay, a dead leaf, at the foot of those who had worshipped my green and flourishing days. They passed by, either

silently or scornfully, and some of them indulged in bitter insult as they passed. What thought, what wish, can be left, said I, but to rot into clay, and become insensible to spurnings and contumely? But the voice of Allah said, "Arise!" and I arose, freshened by the waters of sorrow. And now, what is the worst that can befall me? Some heavier blow? But there is no heavier blow. He who hath lost a crown hath little else to lose.'

"'More honoured in thy falling than thy rising,' said Abdil, but Abdallah stopped the sentence.

"'No words of adulation now, but we must rejoin our friends and followers.'

"Abdallah and Abdil wended their way with a firm step towards the remnant—few and faithful of their companions. The sadness

that had clouded the brow of the king was gone, and as he uttered — 'Courage, friends! our exile is to the land of our forefathers!' they followed him cheerfully to the Mediterranean shore."

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